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THE BURNING OF THE "RODGERS."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 423.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

FOURTH-OF-JULY NUMBER.

This issue of YOUNG PEOPLE *is worthy of "the day we celebrate."*

There is a charming wood-cut on the first page, entitled "Order Arms," by H. P. WOLCOTT; *a stirring poem, instinct with juvenile patriotism, on "Independence-Day"; there is an article on "Burning the 'Toro,'" by* MRS. HELEN S. CONANT, *telling the history of independence in the republic of Mexico; "A Fourth-of-July Warning" is offered by "An Old Boy"*; MR. PALMER COX *gives us a party of bears waving the Star-spangled Banner enthusiastically; and the Post-office Box is full of matter pertaining to the Glorious Fourth.*

"Through the Tunnel" is a thrilling story by EDWARD I. STEVENSON; *the story of "Wager Island," by* MR. JAMES PAYN, *is concluded; "Mr. Stubbs's Brother" grows more mischievous and interesting;* MRS. W. J. HAYS *tells a charming story, entitled "One Night"; and Jimmy Brown relates another most amusing adventure, in which the long-suffering Mr. Martin is again the victim.*

THE ASSESSMENT CIRCULAR.

MEMBERS of the Congressional Committee defend its assessing circular upon two grounds: one is that it does not assess; the other is that the Democrats used to assess. But the assertion that because the circular asks for voluntary contributions it does not assess can hardly be made seriously. The circular is addressed exclusively, we believe, to persons in the employment of the government. It asks for a specific sum, and for a prompt and favorable response. It is sent out by members of Congress who are known to represent those who can influence removals. It declares that the appointing and removing officers approve the demand. And all this is done with full knowledge that while the words "voluntary contribution" are used, they will be understood to mean a demand for a specific sum which can not be safely disregarded. Agents follow the circular into public offices with books in which the names of clerks with the sums demanded are recorded, and they are unmistakably threatened should they decline to "subscribe." We know instances of written warning to clerks that if they do not pay they will be reported to the head of the department as delinquent. At the same time the local head of an office or bureau is curtly told how large a sum has been levied upon his clerks, and how far the payment falls short. The Congressional circular may use more carefully evasive language, but it means the same thing. If Senator ALLISON does not know this, and really supposes that voluntary contribution means voluntary contribution, let him reflect why such circulars are not sent to private citizens, and consider whether, if they were sent and disregarded, such citizens would be menaced with a report of their delinquency to some authority for discipline. The Congressional circulars have been sent to poor women and children in the public service. Does the Senator suppose that they have been sent to any women or children who are not in the public service, or that those to whom they are addressed feel at perfect liberty to refuse to take notice of them? As the Senator knows, the king's invitation is a command.

The Senator says that no case can be cited of removal for declining to pay. But all that can be said upon this point is that the refusal is not alleged as a reason for removal. Of course not; the odium would be too great. The Senator produces figures. One hundred thousand "invitations" were sent out in 1880, and only about 11,500 of the office-holders responded favorably. But what then? Among those who did not respond, we ourselves know many who refrained, not because they considered giving or withholding voluntary, but because they decided to take the risk. And in how many instances of removal this refusal was the decisive consideration, nobody can know. Senator ALLISON might as plausibly assert that no clerk in the public service had ever been removed for want of sufficiently powerful "backing." Such reasons are never alleged, but we know such removals to have been made. And if there be a general and logical conviction that the alternative of the circular is that of the highwayman, your money or your place, it is practically precisely the same as if it were expressed. The conclusion is justified by every circumstance, and to say that nobody can be shown to have been removed for refusal, when the general conviction is that removal will follow refusal, is an idle play of words. Why does Assistant-Postmaster-General HATTON write a letter to say that he shall give or not give at his pleasure, and that it is not his business to dictate to others? Simply because he knows, as everybody knows, that the summons is regarded as a threat. His letter has in one aspect the air of a re-assurance to persons in danger; but in another it is a plain intimation that in any case those who pay are not in danger. What else is the meaning of the remark in the Congressional circular that there will be no objection "in any official quarter" to "voluntary contributions"? Would such a remark be made in a circular sent to any private citizen? No; and it is inserted in the circular because the employés are not in this matter regarded as private citizens, but as placemen appointed by the favor of a party, who ought to be willing to make way for those who are ready to pay cheerfully any assessment levied for the alleged benefit of the party.

As for Democratic precedent, Republicans could plead that for upholding slavery. If Republicans are content to justify their action to-day by the conduct of the Democratic party when it was so disgraceful that the Republican party arose to rebuke and defeat it, they are in a sorry plight. The question of assessments is not partisan. It is one of honest, economical, and efficient administration, and of decent politics. Senator HALE speaks of fighting windmills. But the Senator can not suppose that practices which by alienating intelligent and honorable Republicans endanger Republican ascendency are to be derided as windmills. The demand for reform in the civil service is not Republican or Democratic. It is the demand of intelligent and patriotic citizenship, and for that reason neither party can safely despise it, however party politicians may attempt to use it for party profit. The Republican party certainly can not wisely flout its character, its traditions, and its express declarations by defending under cover of Democratic precedent unjust, odious, and un-American practices in administration.

INDEPENDENCE-DAY.

"IT has been a custom sanctioned by the universal practice of civilized nations to celebrate with anniversary solemnities the return of days which have been distinguished by events the most important to the happiness of the people." These are the opening words of one of the early Fourth-of-July orations, which was "pronounced" in 1793 by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, "at the request of the inhabitants of the town of Boston," and which the Selectmen, requesting a copy for the press, in turn pronounced to be "spirited and elegant." The oration was delivered in the midst of the French terror. Mr. ADAMS attributes the French Revolution to the application of American principles, and while conjuring his "happy countrymen" to permit him to throw a pall over the atrocious crimes of the time, he adds, "We cherish with a fondness which can not be chilled by the cold, unanimated philosophy of skepticism, the delightful expectation that the cancer of arbitrary power will be radically extracted from the human constitution," and that "mild and amiable sentiments" will "unite in social harmony the innumerable varieties of the human race."

It was ninety years ago, and it would be an interesting inquiry for any Fourth-of-July orator this year whether, toward the great questions of this time, we stand in the same hopeful position as toward those of a hundred years ago. BURKE points out that while the furniture of ancient tyranny may be worn to rags, the tyranny itself may be as fresh and vigorous as ever. Injustice is protean, and the change of form may leave the substance unaffected. The orator who might select some such text as we suggest would do a public service if he should state plainly the scope and character of the real questions of the new age in which we live, and then show the heroic and intelligent manner in which our fathers dealt with similar questions. Practical statesmanship may be expressed in two words. It is intelligent courage.

It was the hope, and it was largely also the faith, of the men whom we proudly call the fathers, that in the rural republic which they founded upon a sparely peopled continent of ample resources, the conditions of political life would be such that prompt and thorough and universal discussion of every subject, and a patriotic willingness to do what the general welfare plainly required, would save the country the terrible convulsions from which other countries had suffered. If experience has rudely dispelled this illusion, it is none the less true that the principle is unassailable. Great questions involving industrial relations and social order itself can not be wisely left to demagogues and rascals. It is one of the first and natural results of a free government founded upon free schools that the great body of the people learn, not only their rights, but their power. Their duty, which is the third element, is always more obscure. But this is the very point which should be brought steadily into view by the intelligence of the community, and kept in view for its own guidance. For instance, that a man may do what he will with his own, is a maxim upon which no man can wisely or safely act until he has ascertained what is his own. The traditions which assert ownership, like all other traditions, are subject to revision. Traditional views may be only survivals of old errors. Every man has rights and powers. But before all he has duties, and the first duty is to use his power to assert his rights only in a way to promote justice and to foster human sympathy and good understanding. To be as good as our fathers, as WENDELL PHILLIPS finely said a year ago at Cambridge, we must be better. That is the true Fourth-of-July doctrine.

JOHN TYLER AND TEXAS.

A PAPER in the current number of the *Magazine of American History* makes the unexpected claim for the Administration of JOHN TYLER that, measured by the importance of the results achieved by it, no Administration, "from WASHINGTON'S down, can compare with it." The paper is written by LYON GARDINER TYLER, a son of the President, and its object is to claim for Mr. TYLER the glory of the annexation of Texas as well as that of the Ashburton Treaty, the latter of which achievements is usually supposed to have been the work of Mr. WEBSTER, and the former of Mr. CALHOUN. The article insists that the President was the actual head of his cabinet. Officially he certainly was so; but Mr. TYLER can not be justly represented as the head of Mr. WEBSTER or of Mr. CALHOUN. The writer says that Mr. CALHOUN perplexed and prejudiced the Texas negotiation by insisting upon making the question of slavery prominent, and representing the possession of Texas as essential to the protection of slavery, and he asserts that Mr. TYLER regarded annexation from a much broader and more national point of view.

But there was never any doubt of the object of the annexation of Texas. All the facts and the situation are familiar, and it is too late to produce a new theory. Long before Mr. TYLER was President, Mr. WEBSTER, at Niblo's Garden, called attention to the scheme of annexation, and pointed out that it contemplated a territorial extension of slavery. It was frankly acknowledged by Mr. WISE, who is evidently an authority with the author of the paper in the *Magazine*, that "the South" must obtain more territory or be overpowered. There was no concealment of the object. Mr. VAN BUREN lost the Democratic nomination because he was not unqualifiedly in favor of annexation, and Mr. CLAY lost his election because he was not unqualifiedly opposed to it. It was the policy of the slave power which controlled the government, and of which Mr. TYLER was a faithful devotee, to secure its permanent ascendency by acquiring territory for four or five new Slave States. Mr. CALHOUN knew perfectly well the real object of annexation, and he did not conceal it from the French Government at least.

The reason for annexation assigned by President TYLER himself, as quoted in the paper we are considering, does not clash with the well-known facts. Mr. TYLER wished to acquire Texas, he said, because it would give us the command of cotton, and cotton, as he and the other slave leaders believed, was king. But cotton was simply slavery. To say that Texas was annexed to control the cotton supply is only to tell the truth, that Texas was annexed in the hope of protecting and perpetuating slavery. Mr. TYLER was a Virginian. But a great Virginian, GEORGE MASON, said that Providence punishes national sins by national calamities; and another Virginian, whom Mr. TYLER held in high reverence, THOMAS JEFFERSON, declared that he trembled for his country when he reflected that God was just. The story of the annexation of Texas belongs to the darkest annals of the American republic, and no good service is done to the memory of any public man by recalling the fact that he was its conspicuous advocate.

THE HEROES OF THE "JEANNETTE."

ENGINEER MELVILLE reports, on the 10th of June, from Northern Siberia, that he has searched the coast in vain for any trace of Lieutenant CHIPP'S party or of the second cutter. He reports also that he had buried DE LONG and his brave comrades, and he is now returning. The diary of the heroic DE LONG is also published. It is written calmly day by day, while terrible death closed in around him and his band, until his hand drops, as it were, in the act of writing, and it is one of the most pathetic and noble contributions to literature. This is the end of the *Jeannette* expedition, which is a sorrowful chapter in the long story of arctic exploration. It is stated that Mr. BENNETT has made ample provision for the widow of Lieutenant DE LONG and for the families of others of the victims. The result of the expedition is disastrous; but it is foolish to attempt to associate Mr. BENNETT'S name with it as if he had in some way inveigled men to venture upon a perilous and probably fatal journey. The nature of arctic exploration is perfectly well known. It is an undertaking full of peril, and its history is one of baffled endeavor and great suffering. But it is singularly fascinating to many minds, and it will constantly tempt men of a certain temperament to try it once more.

All that can be asked is that it shall be always a voluntary expedition. If Mr. LEIGH, the heroic Englishman, has met the fate of DE LONG, melancholy as it will be, his voyage can hardly be called fool-hardy. It is cool intelligence, taking advantage of all experience and of every resource of science, which organizes such an expedition, and the leader counts the cost. The spirit which sends LEIGH toward the pole is that which penetrated to the sources of the Nile, and crossed the Dark Continent, and sailed around the Horn, and discovered the Northeast Passage. It was the same impulse which sent DE LONG and his company

to find the pole. They were not ordered. It was an act of free-will. Had any one of the party protested that he preferred not to go, his protest would have been heeded, and, as we understand, it was wholly a voluntary expedition, like KANE'S and HALL'S. No one is to be blamed, unless brave men are to be blamed for risking life and limb in the search for knowledge.

There is a general expression of the hopelessness and folly of further search for the pole, and a condemnation of all encouragement for other expeditions. But we doubt if the fate of the *Jeannette* and the anathemas against similar attempts will really put an end to them. However that may be, the new effort at polar observation in the co-operation of ten nations of Europe and America is full of interest and promise. Scientific stations have been established all around the polar region, at which observations in all branches of meteorology, magnetism, and astronomy will begin on the 1st of August of this year, and continue for thirteen months. Researches will be prosecuted in zoology, botany, geology, and geography. The United States have two stations, one at Lady Franklin Bay, just within the arctic circle, on the northern line of Greenland, and the other at Port Barrow, the north point of Alaska, also beyond the polar circle. The parties at these stations have already passed one winter in them, having begun their observations last year, according to the original understanding. The Russian station will be at the mouth of the Lena, where DE LONG perished. This plan was suggested by WEYPRECHT, the Austrian explorer. The secret is perhaps to be extorted by gradual scientific approaches. To lay scientific siege to the north pole may be the way to solve the mystery which will not always elude and defy human heroism and sagacity.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER IN ENGLAND.

IT is not easy to believe that the Administration seriously contemplates the recall of Mr. LOWELL for any reason that has been alleged. The dispatch of the Secretary of State shows that the Minister has been in entire accord with his Government and with other Republican administrations upon the point of the abuse of American citizenship, as he is unquestionably sustained by the vast majority of American citizens. A less able and tactful and thoroughly American representative could easily have brought the United States and England into a grave altercation, which was precisely the result desired by those who have been most vociferous for his recall, and whose conduct is inspired by hatred of Great Britain, not by love of the United States.

If one of the most distinguished of living Americans, conspicuous for his sturdy and uncompromising "Americanism," and acceptable, for that reason, to the most intelligent Englishmen, who has a great deal of diplomatic experience, and an ability, a tact, and urbanity which enable him to insist without offense upon his own view, who agrees with every honorable American that American citizenship is not to be abused by foreigners for their own purposes, and who represents the policy of the Government as stated by itself, is not singularly qualified to be the American Minister in England, it would be very difficult to find his fellow-citizen who is.

We have no doubt that the Administration is perfectly aware that the recall of Mr. LOWELL at this particular time, and for any reason that has been publicly alleged, would deeply discredit the Government both at home and abroad. American foreign policy should certainly not be dictated by the least American of citizens—those, namely, of foreign birth to whom a foreign interest is paramount.

THE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

THE midsummer is the college festival, and there is no doubt that the concentration of interest upon the colleges at this season, and the generous space given by the great journals to what is said and done at Commencement, are highly beneficial. At all the larger colleges there are annual addresses to the literary societies, to the Phi Beta Kappa, to the alumni, or to some other association, and custom has prescribed a general topic for the orators, which is natural to a republican community. The wholly literary disquisition has given place to some form of statement of the true position, duty, influence, or power of the scholar or educated citizen in a republic. The occasional literary oration as we know it, the younger DANA held to have begun with EDWARD EVERETT'S famous Phi Beta Kappa discourse at Cambridge in 1824, which closed with the stirring apostrophe to LAFAYETTE. Mr. EVERETT'S theme was the peculiar motives to intellectual exertion in America, and he found in our situation, our institutions, our history, and in the great cause of free institutions committed to our care and development, the highest incentives to intellectual exertion.

Some fifteen years before, BUCKMINSTER had delivered a brilliant address upon American literature, of which he detected the dawn, and in almost all the college discourses of the kind for fifty years, there is evidently the feeling that scholarship, or high education, must justify itself by its influence upon citizenship in a free country. This has now become the accepted and expected topic, and the audience and the community expect to hear in some form of the scholar in politics. But it must not be forgotten that certain forms of the highest scholarship are incompatible with active and constant participation in the daily details of political activity, and even with engrossing official duty. Scholars like DARWIN and AGASSIZ, for instance, who were conducting incessant observation of phenomena, were necessarily exclusively devoted to their work. They could indeed vote, and hold positive opinions, and throw the weight of their characters and reputations in this or that political direction. But the influence of such men must be necessarily indirect and general. They can not well hold political office.

But, on the other hand, this is not necessary to political influence. The real power in a republic is public opinion. To affect public opinion is to control the Government. The advantage of office for this kind of control is that it gives a man a certain popular consideration which procures him a hearing. It is not, indeed, indispensable, but it is helpful. It is not fair, however, to require a man to take office as evidence of his actual interest in public affairs and of his willingness to make sacrifices. A man sincerely interested in politics must be allowed to determine for himself, upon considerations which can be known only to him, in what way he can serve most efficiently. It is not necessary to exhort educated men to take office. That may be left safely to the natural political ambition of our race. What it is necessary to exhort them to remember is that, whether in office or out of office, they have no moral right to decline to understand public affairs, or to refuse their influence in affecting public opinion. What time and trouble may be necessary for that is merely what every good citizen owes to his country. If he finds that the machinery of politics has been so constructed as practically to exclude and baffle him in taking his part, the particular duty for him to do is to lend a hand in putting the machinery out of gear.

A LUDICROUS MEMORIAL.

THE medals commemorative of the defeat of the third term plot at Chicago two years ago are now ready, and every man who tried to set aside the will of the great majority of the Republican party will now have an opportunity of displaying the proof that he did not succeed. Nothing better will be said of these medals than the remark of Mr. EVARTS, that they should be made of beaten brass. It is assumed, of course, that they will be worn around the neck, symbollically, as collars, and it is satisfactory to know that there will be a permanent memorial of the total failure to overthrow one of the sound and conservative political traditions of the country.

GUITEAU.

IT is a year since President GARFIELD was assassinated, and his murderer has paid the awful penalty. The legal proceedings have been prolonged and extraordinary, but there is no doubt of the general conviction that the plea of insanity was not sustained. Certainly no accused person had ever a more patient and forbearing trial, in which the judgment and experience of the most accomplished experts were invoked. A final appeal was made to the President by those who sincerely believed GUITEAU not to be legally responsible. But the appeal, with all the evidence, was carefully considered, and set aside. Except among those who honestly believe him to have been insane, or who oppose the death penalty in every case, there is no doubt that the murderer is thought to have merited his fate.

One thing only is to be regretted. It is that among all the eminent criminal advocates in the country, no one volunteered for his defense. The defense was conducted in the most melancholy and inadequate manner. JOHN ADAMS and JOSIAH QUINCY, braving popular fury, did not hesitate to appear for Captain PRESTON and the British soldiers of the Boston massacre. It would be more satisfactory, however evident the guilt of the murderer, had there been the ablest defense that the country could afford.

The sorrow of the Fourth of July a year ago will never be forgotten. What "might have been" will be always an inspiring thought for Americans of this generation.

FRESH AIR FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

NEW YORK is still one of the most delightful of summer resorts. The visitor, at his pleasure, may lose himself in the sylvan recesses of the Central Park; or he may stroll along the Palisades, high over as beautiful a river as flows; or he may betake himself to the sea at Coney Island or Staten Island, and in the spacious and brilliant hotels and upon the ocean beach mingle the charms of Saratoga and Newport.

There is no point at which the summer saunterer commands more of the delights and alleviations that are sought in the summer than the great city, if only he has the means of gratifying his tastes and preferences. Even at the smallest cost there are the opportunities within and immediately about the city, and there is no pleasanter form of charity than that which provides a week's "outing" for working girls and poor invalids and friendless boys. Of this kind is the *Tribune's* "Fresh Air Fund," which has just secured two weeks' vacation on the shores of Lake Champlain for four hundred children, a good work which, under the general superintendence of the Rev. Mr. PARSONS, will be continued during the summer.

It is not only that the poor boys and girls are enabled to breathe the sea air, and to have a glimpse of green fields, and to pick flowers, and to share the repose of the country, but that they are made to feel the common human bond, and to know that they are not outcast or forgotten. The man or woman enjoys the summer very much more who causes other men and women to enjoy it.

PERSONAL.

THE late Mrs. ELEANOR P. LONG, of Philadelphia, left $200,000 to establish a home for orphan girls in that city, especially the orphan daughters of Union soldiers and firemen, in compliance with the wish of her mother, from whom most of her property was received.

—JAMES W. CRANDALL, of Philadelphia, aged fifteen years, is the youngest pensioner of the government. A year ago he enlisted in the navy, and was soon afterward sent to Southern waters, where he contracted typhoid fever, which left him deaf. His pension is $13 per month.

—Professor JOHN FISKE, of Cornell University, was paid the following exceptionally fine compliment in a letter from CHARLES DARWIN, after the latter had read the *Cosmic Philosophy*. Professor DARWIN said: "You must allow me to thank you for the very great interest with which I have at last slowly read the whole of your work. I have long wished to read something about the views of the many great men whose doctrines you give. I never in my life read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are; and I think that I understand nearly the whole, though perhaps less clearly about cosmic theism and causation than other parts. It is hopeless to attempt out of so much to specify what has interested me most, and probably you would not care to hear. It pleased me to find that here and there I had arrived, from my own crude thoughts, at some of the same conclusions with you, though I could seldom or never have given my reasons for such conclusions."

—The Duke of Hamilton has declined Lord ROSEBERY'S offer of $5,000,000 for the island of Arran, on which Hamilton Palace is situated. The island is near the mouth of the Clyde. It is about twenty miles long by eight to eleven broad, and contains a superficial area of 165 square miles, or 105,814 acres, of which about 15,000 are cultivated. It is a rugged, mountainous island, and not of much account to anybody but a lord or some rich person who wishes to be known as a landlord.

—Major HENRY CLAY MCDOWELL, formerly United States Marshal of Kentucky, and a gentleman of wealth and culture, has become the owner of Ashland, famous as the home of HENRY CLAY. Major MCDOWELL married a daughter of Colonel HENRY CLAY, of Buena Vista fame, a granddaughter of the statesman. Fifteen years ago Ashland was bought by citizens of Lexington as a site for an agricultural college, but the project was unsuccessful.

—Mr. JAMES W. CONVERSE is the longest in service of any bank president in Boston, having been president of the Mechanics' Bank since August, 1836, when the bank was organized. ALVAN SIMONDS, the cashier, has also served a like term. During the forty-six years of the bank's existence there has never been a change in the office of president or cashier.

—Miss FLETCHER, who has been some time in Washington, and awakened much interest in her studies among the Indian tribes, will go with the Indian girls and young men who have finished their course at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and are to be returned to their respective tribes.

—In Mr. ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD'S sketch of DICKENS, just published by HARPER & BROTHERS, occurs this sentence as to his habit of composition: "Ordinarily, when engaged on a work of fiction, he considered three of his not very large MS. pages a good, and four an excellent, day's work, and while very careful in making his corrections clear and unmistakable, he never rewrote what a morning's labor had ultimately produced."

—Mr. SAMUEL SWAN, after having taught in the schools of Boston for forty-seven years, has resigned the mastership of the Phillips School. The Rev. T. STARR KING was formerly one of his pupils.

—President GRÉVY is not a man of commanding presence, nor has he the personal bearing of a great ruler. He comes from the lowest ranks of the people; is short, dapper, undignified, and has little magnetism or enthusiasm in his disposition. The secret of his success lies in his coolness and courage, his habit of working while his rivals are talking, and his clean, honest record. His wife was, some years before he married her, employed by him as a cook and laundress. She has never yet been "recognized by society"—that is, by the "society of the nobility"—in Paris.

—Little did Colonel ALEXANDER, of Kentucky, think, in 1879, when he sold his young colt Foxhall to JAMES R. KEENE for $650, that he would prove to be the most conspicuous horse of the time by carrying off the great racing prizes of France and England. His last great triumph previous to Ascot was in July of last year, when he won the Grand Prix de Paris, at Longchamps, having as contestants HARAS DE CHAMANT'S Tristan, Count LAGRANGE'S Albion, BLANTON'S Scobel, LAGRANGE'S Leon, Baron ROTHSCHILD'S Forum, DE CHAUMONT'S Royamount, the Duke of Hamilton's Fiddler, LAGRANGE'S Dublin, and EPHRUSSI'S Casimir. The Ascot Gold Cup is valued at 1000 guineas. But Mr. KEENE is said to have won largely in addition by private wagers.

—Mr. GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, bids fair to become as popular in his new position as he is in debate in the House, or as an author. In Parliament he is said to have a "ready and courteous method of answering questions," which gives pleasure and satisfaction to the Irish members. His manner and the clearness and finish of his style are favorably contrasted with Mr. FORSTER'S, who was somewhat "lumbering and unmethodical," while his eloquence was "very rugged." Predictions are made that unless the new Coercion Act brings him great trouble, Mr. TREVELYAN will be the most successful Chief Secretary Ireland has had during this generation.

—This incident in the early life of Judge UNDERWOOD, recently appointed a member of the Tariff Commission, is told: His father, then a Federal judge in Georgia, was asked what his son's politics were. "I don't know," was the nonchalant reply; "I haven't seen the boy since breakfast."

—The WILBERFORCES have always been noticeable for success as well as talent. The Rev. ERNEST WILBERFORCE, who has just been elevated to the Episcopal Bench, is only forty-three, and with the exception of his father and his father's predecessor, Bishop SUMNER, in the see of Winchester, is the youngest English bishop made within fifty years.

—The Hon. HARVEY M. WATTERSON, father of the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, delivered an address at Princeton, Kentucky, June 14, to a large and enthusiastic audience, composed in part of old associates, some of whom were classmates with him at Cumberland University, where he graduated fifty-two years ago. The address was full of good points, and was received with great applause, as well it might be from a man who could make so remarkable and celestial a statement as the following: "I closed, a few months ago, the seventieth year of my life, *and if I ever experienced an unhappy day, I have no recollection of it.* I have taken the world as I found it, and the people in it as I found them, treating all with the respect due them, and avoiding personal disputes with any. I have had my disappointments, but they never saddened my spirit. Often they proved to be the best things that could have happened to me."

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1330, Vol. XXVI.]

"SO THEY WERE MARRIED."

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of "The Golden Butterfly," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "When the Ship Comes Home," etc.

PART I.—MON DÉSIR.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE MAIL WENT OUT.

Next morning the party broke up in sadness, and in the early morning they drove or rode away.

The earliest to go was the Professor. He appeared on the veranda with the morning tea. Tom was there in his morning rags, and Virginie in her white frock, always fresh and sweet as a lily. All three were depressed, but the saddest of all was the Professor.

"It is my last visit to Mon Désir," he sighed. "In a few days I shall have left the island, never to see it again."

"If I thought," said Virginie, "that I should never see it again, I would not leave it."

"My most pleasant memories," the Professor went on, lugubriously, "will be those of the days spent here—and of you," he added.

"They ought to be," said Tom, thinking of Virginie rather than of Mon Désir, though he was narrow-minded enough to think that no place in the world could be more beautiful—which is, indeed, true. Then he got up and went off for his morning ride of inspection. Weeds grow, and coolies are lazy, and Sirdars go to sleep, even though lovely Creoles make all hearts sad by going away.

"You are ambitious," Virginie said. "We have always said that you would not make this colony your home. What is an ambitious man to do here? I wonder, though, whether you will be any happier in England than you might be here, if you chose to remain?"

"I dare say not," he said, with a kind of groan. "After all, we must not be forever looking out for happiness. There is no place in the world where one can laze along so happily as here—nor is the claret so good anywhere, I think. But one must work, and after a time one wants to do the work one likes best."

"Everybody is always going away," said Virginie. "It is sad for the people who live here. Directly we get fond of any one he resigns or gets transferred, and so we lose him. And now I am going too. At all events, we shall go in the same ship."

"Yes; I shall not have to say farewell until we get to England. Besides, it is a kind of satisfaction to feel that if I am going you are going too. One can not think with any comfort of Mon Désir without you. It would be too wretched to come here and find no Virginie. To be sure, there are the ladies, and the Squire, and Tom. But, after all, they are not the principal characters in the piece. They come on the stage, you know, to be grouped round the central figure—you."

"Thank you, Professor," she said, smiling. "You have always been kind to me."

"I have always been in love with you," he replied, with a frankness which did not displease her. She was accustomed to be loved, and regarded the Professor's assurance in much the same light as if it came from her guardian. "Not that I presume upon that fact. It is a beautiful thing for a man like me to be in love with a girl like you. I am proud of it, and, I assure you, grateful to Providence for the magnificent privilege of being in love with such a girl as you."

"Oh! Professor." This incomprehensible statement confused her.

"I mean exactly what I say, though you do not understand what I mean. So long, however, as you know that I am your faithful servant, that is enough."

"What have I done," she asked, "that you and Tom should both say and think such kind things about me?"

The Professor shook his head.

"You can not yet understand," he replied, "your own power. But you will before long. I do not know what Tom has said, but I hope that he puts his case clearly, and that you will not forget anything of what he said. Because, Virginie, sometimes words, when they are first heard, seem to mean little. But when they are remembered they get in course of time to acquire their full meaning. Perhaps Tom's words were like these."

She was very young, and she was very innocent. Tom's words had not been understood by her in the sense he intended—that is, not in their fullest sense; not in the sense which we who read them give to them. In other words, this child had no thought whatever of love-making, courtship, and such things.

"I remember perfectly what Tom said," she replied, considering a little.

"Don't tell me," he interrupted, hastily. "If you remember them, it is enough. You are going into a strange world; you will get new ideas, and see new people, and learn to think differently in many ways; and you will be far from your old friends. Wherefore remember Tom always; and if you want counsel, think of me, and let me help if I can."

And then the Squire appeared, and the Professor presently took his leave.

Six days later the mail-steamer, lying in the harbor with her steam up, ready for her start, presented, at five o'clock in the afternoon, an animated and lively appearance. The departure of every mail is attended with plenty of bustle and crowds of visitors; but on this occasion, when, in addition to certain French families, the departures of Virginie Ferrier, her cousin, and the Professor were all to take place together, it seemed as if the whole island were going with them, so crowded were deck and companion-ladders and saloon. On deck there were gathered little groups of sympathetic friends. French ladies were pressing their infallible nostrums against seasickness; there were a hundred words of last parting, of recommendation, and of warning, to be given; there was the musical ripple of women's talk; there were the strident voices of Southern Frenchmen, Marseillais especially, and the soft, blurred syllables of Parisians, or those who, by clipping of syllables, would fain pass for Parisians; and there surged up from the saloon the loud laughter of the British officers who had come on board to rejoice with their brother over his departure; and the merchants and civilians who had come to mourn over the farewell of the Professor. Sorrow and joy alike demanded the alleviation or encouragement of brandy and soda. Continuous were the poppings of corks; loud was the shouting for the steward; higher and still higher grew the pile of empty soda-water bottles.

On deck a little court surrounded Virginie. Among them were the Pink Boy and the Padre, both desperately in love, though their case was hopeless indeed. His Reverence, for his part, dreamed of a sympathetic help-meet, who would admire his sermons, encourage his ambitions, and help him to show the colony an example of the active Church life. It did not occur to him that a girl brought up as Virginie had been might become many things, but ecclesiasticism was impossible for her. The Pink Boy thought how delightful a thing it would be to have Virginie with him in those hot rooms of his over the bank, in pleasing contiguity to the guano dépôts, and the port, and the bawling crowd, always engaged in lading and unlading. And for his part he did not understand how such a girl could not marry such a boy as himself. They went on dreaming, however; now, for reasons which will presently appear, they will dream in this way no more. The girl was flushed with the excitement and the emotion of leave-taking. She was in charge of a French lady, who was going all the way to London. All the farewells had been said but one. There only remained, of the home circle, her guardian: her cheek was flushed, and her eyes were bright and tear-stained. She had no heart for the compliments and pretty things which one after the other came to say to her.

At last there came the time of departure.

A beautiful gradation marks the ceremony of leave-taking on board the mail. First, the comparative strangers; next, the friends; then the intimate friends; last, the members of the household.

Thus, when the officers and the merchants, and those of the French people who knew her, had offered their hands and wished Virginie *bon voyage*, and all, even the Padre and the Pink Boy, were over the side of the ship and in their boats, there remained the hardest parting of all—that with her fond and faithful guardian.

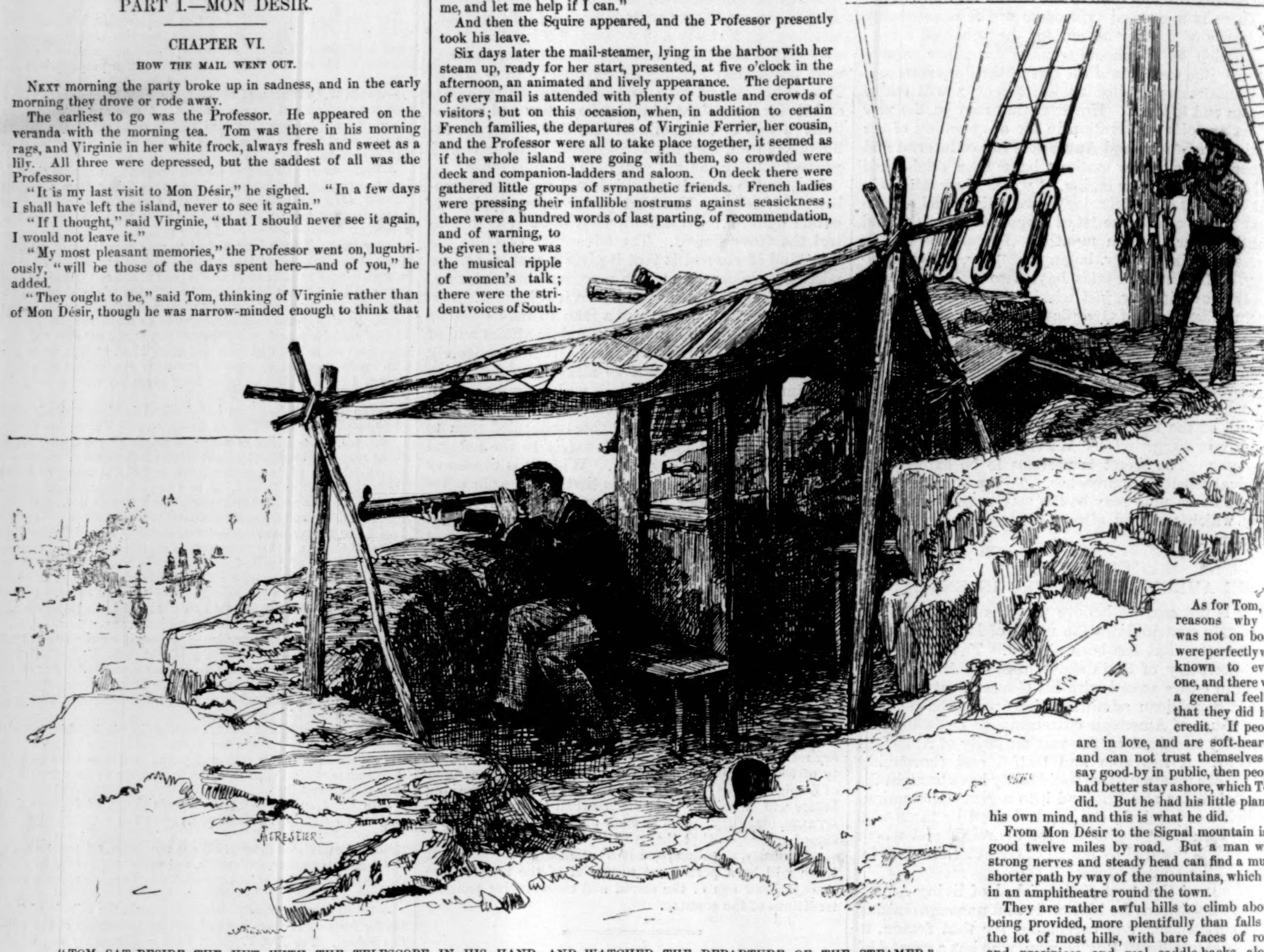
He kissed her forehead, cheeks, and lips.

"My dear," he said, taking her in his arms, "it is best for you. It is what your father would have wished. Why should we repine? Yet it will be sad indeed without you."

So they parted. Captain Kemyss was the last to leave the ship before the bell rang; the whistle shrieked, the screw turned, and the great ship began once more to drive its long white furrow on the main. But the old man's eyes were dim, and for a while he could not see anything.

When they cleared he became aware that Virginie was standing aft beside the steersman; and behind her were the Professor and her cousin, and she was waving her handkerchief and crying. At sight of her tears the Pink Boy's eyes filled, and he choked, and then he said a wicked word to one of the boatmen, which gave him relief. And the Padre, who felt a similar inclination to choke, obtained relief by rebuking the Pink Boy for that very wicked word. So they came ashore, and for many days the light of the sun was dim to them, and curry, even prawn curry, had no flavor.

It was then six o'clock, and it wanted nearly an hour to sunset.



"TOM SAT BESIDE THE HUT WITH THE TELESCOPE IN HIS HAND, AND WATCHED THE DEPARTURE OF THE STEAMER."

As for Tom, the reasons why he was not on board were perfectly well known to every one, and there was a general feeling that they did him credit. If people are in love, and are soft-hearted and can not trust themselves to say good-by in public, then people had better stay ashore, which Tom did. But he had his little plan in his own mind, and this is what he did.

From Mon Désir to the Signal mountain is a good twelve miles by road. But a man with strong nerves and steady head can find a much shorter path by way of the mountains, which lie in an amphitheatre round the town.

They are rather awful hills to climb about, being provided, more plentifully than falls to the lot of most hills, with bare faces of rock and precipices and real saddle-backs, along which the rare visitor, who would get along the top, has to drag himself with a leg hanging over each side; but Tom knew the way well, and had too often achieved the feat to think about the danger. Therefore, as he intended to see the last of the girl he loved, he climbed along this break-neck ridge, and made his way to the Signal mountain.

There is always a man on watch up there; he is provided with a telescope two yards long or so; he has a little hut half buried in the rock, and a mast provided with cross-trees and ropes for signaling the approach of ships; he is up at break of day, and remains on watch till sunset. And when hurricanes come he is generally blown far away out to sea, hut, telescope, mast, and all.

Tom sat beside the hut with the telescope in his hand, and watched the departure of the steamer. First he saw the crowds on board break up and disappear over the sides, till there were only the passengers and the crew left on deck; then he saw his father, who was the last to leave; and then he saw Virginie standing at the helm waving her handkerchief. At first he could see her face, and he knew that she was weeping. The screw went round. The ship passed out of the quiet harbor waters and began to roll in the waves of the Indian Ocean. Virginie stood there still after the point was cleared, when she could no longer see her friends, watching the receding shores of the island she had never left before. What thoughts, what memories, were in the girl's mind! Her lover remained motionless, glass in hand, while the ship grew less, and the figures on deck grew smaller, till the white dress, the last he saw of Virginie, vanished altogether. Then he watched the ship itself till the sun went down and the night fell, and ship, and sea, and all dropped out of sight. Then, with heavy heart, he slowly descended the hill. He had seen the last of Virginie. How and when would he see her again?

PART II.—IN THE SEASON.

CHAPTER I.

A ROSE OF JUNE.

On a certain morning in the sweetest month of all the twelve which either adorned or disgraced last year, the bright and sunny month of June, when east winds were over and thunder-storms not yet begun, the Row was thronged with those who rode, and the walks with those who did not ride, but sat on chairs, or strolled up and down and talked, if they knew anybody, and looked at the crowd, and pretended to know everybody, and to belong to quite the inner circle, and deceived nobody, and came to see, and to be a part of those who were seen. On such a morning Frenchmen in London cease to complain of the endless *brouillard*, and to compare Hyde Park with the Bois; Colonials leave off boasting of their climate—it really is too bad, the way in which Australians, for instance, throw their beautiful climate in our teeth; and good Americans hesitate whether, when they die, they will not ask to go to London rather than to Paris; and financiers thank Heaven that such skies should belong to the city where the money is. As for the leaves on the trees, the golden-rain and the lilac, the

rhododendrons and the flowers and the grass, everybody knows that they are placed in the Park, like the flowers on a dinner table, the better to set off the guests. They do not belong to nature at all, any more than the cascade at St. Cloud. They are provided by Fortnum & Mason, or some other firm, for a splendid banquet of sunshine and fine weather, to which all are invited alike, but to which none should come who are morose, envious, disappointed, and ill-natured. For these there is Regent's Park, with the daisies and the dandelions of Dame Nature.

Among those who rode was Virginie. With her were her cousins, Guy and Maude Ferrier. Six months of the strong, cold English air had taken something from the delicate bloom which lay upon the cheek of the fair Creole beneath her own palms, and had given her a little of the hardy and robust look of her English sisters. Just now, flushed with the exercise and the excitement, the warm air, the soft sunshine, and the animated scene about her, the girl had lost for the moment all her Creole languor, and was in very truth become an English girl in appearance. Whether she lost or gained by the difference I do not know. Certainly of all the young and beautiful women in the Park that morning there was none, English or otherwise, more beautiful than this fair Creole, a fact observed by many of those philosophers who love to lean over the railings and meditate in the midst of youth, beauty, wealth, flowers, gay and careless talk, on the happiness lying ready to hand for virtuous people in the best of all possible worlds. Especially if virtuous people find their own happiness in witnessing the joy of others. Captain Ferrier was master of several accomplishments besides the art of card-playing and gambling; among other things he could ride well, and looked his best on horseback. Beside him rode his sister, also an accomplished horsewoman. Mounted she looked handsome, being tall and of graceful figure. When she dismounted you perceived, first, that she was no longer very young, being, in fact, four years older than her brother, and he was twenty-eight; next, she was thin, and her pale face, with its large and lustrous eyes, wore an anxious look, as if she was continually suffering for the sins of others—which, indeed, was her hapless case. This expression of face is more often found in women than in men, because the manly mind does not set its hopes too much on the achievements of other men; and when you see it you may be very sure that husbands, sons, or brothers have "turned out bad." For the moment, however, she, too, felt happy, because it seemed at last as if a thing on which she had set all her hopes was really likely to take place.

"Make love to her on board."

That was Maude's injunction to her brother when she wrote to him in Palmiste Island. Captain Ferrier would, perhaps, have obeyed, but for one circumstance: he found on board a young fellow who was as fond of cards as himself; and he preferred playing écarté or picquet in the smoking-cabin for'ard to dangling after his cousin on the after-deck. Besides, he could not present himself except as a sort of rival—good heavens! a rival!—to that fellow Percival. Now Percival, who certainly was not the son of a Peer, but had started quite as a second-class passenger in life, and was by no means desirous of passing himself off as anything better, was for some unknown reason peculiarly hateful to this young man; the more so because Virginie in his society seemed always more happy than in his own. But, indeed, it is absurd to account for the hatreds and jealousies of selfish men, because they are terribly vain, and brood, and take imaginary offense, and magnify their own importance, and do not see the proportions of things; so that they become very thorough haters indeed. If their lives were spared long enough, they would end by hating all the world. The dispositions of those long-lived patriarchs Mahaleel and his more distinguished great-grandson are not stated; but if they were as selfish as Guy Ferrier, one perceives clearly how for the last two or three hundred years of their lives they would have regarded the whole of mankind with an unrelenting hatred. It has been suggested, or dreamed, or told, after revelation by some philosophers of the more profound kind, that when this kind of men die they are presently transported to a remarkable island, where there are many beautiful and toothsome things, but not enough to go round. In the general game of grab which is always going on, and on account of its disappointing results, they are said to develop quite astonishing hatreds.

Guy Ferrier learned at school to despise the whole of mankind except a few who need do nothing, but are born to enjoy. Most of the boys in his own set who held this narrow view went out into the world and soon shook it off; he went out into the world

"HE KISSED HER FOREHEAD, CHEEKS, AND LIPS."

and retained it. He despised, for instance, the honest Scotch merchants because they bought, to sell again, cargoes of sugar; and he despised the Professor because he held a post by which he earned his living. He despised him so heartily, and found it so intolerable to be addressed by him on terms of equality, that he began to hate and despise his cousin for liking him. And his mind was so warped by prejudice, and so narrow, that he found it difficult afterward to shake off the dislike. He therefore avoided the quarter-deck as much as possible, and spent his time chiefly with his venturous friend, from whom, in the course of the voyage, he won so large a sum that he could afford to send the Major a check for five hundred on account. But it is not every day that a man who is a player, but not a fine player, picks up another who is also a player and a more reckless player than himself.

He had one chance. He sat opposite to Virginie at breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, being naturally placed near the Captain, while the obscure Professor had to content himself with a seat at the chief officer's side. It was impossible for any young man to sit opposite to the girl every day for three hours or so—because in this line of steamers meals are considered the chief business of the day, and must not be hurried—without perceiving that she was an extremely attractive young lady. Yet his mind was not open to the sweet influences of love. A lover ought to be light-hearted, and he was heavy-hearted; a lover ought to look on the world cheerfully; Captain Ferrier regarded it gloomily, as a place where luck is generally against the player, and where people are wickedly impatient to be paid. So that the innocence and ignorance of the girl, her curiosity about the great world she was going to visit, her vague hopes and little fears, which to most men were charming, irritated him. If Maude wanted him to marry her, he thought, sulkily, she might arrange the thing herself—at all events, any kind of marked attention before all these people was out of the question. He paid her no attention at all; he made no attempt to appear interesting or clever, or profound or remarkable in any way, as is frequently done by men who open the old-fashioned siege in the conventional manner, and try to begin by inspiring respect. Virginie thought her cousin a rather morose young man, who never laughed, and smiled only when politeness required the effort. He was, in fact, a morose young man. It is one of the pleasing results of a life devoted to the pursuit of "pleasure," that it makes a man, quite prematurely, incapable of mirth, merriment, or joy of heart. It is very odd, but it is so. Sometimes one thinks that those black brethren of Ceylon who never laugh must be one and all engaged in the pursuit of pleasure.

When the voyage was over, and Guy Ferrier met his sister, he was fain to confess that he had made no progress whatever.

She shook her head sadly.

"Things, Guy," she said, "can no longer be trifled with. There is absolutely no more money for you."

"There must be some," he replied. "I must get a couple of thousand at least before long."

"How long can you wait, Guy?"

"I do not know. Perhaps three months; perhaps four or five. I must have money, Maude."

"Can you not borrow more? You have raised money before on your reversionary interests; can you raise no more?"

"No; not a penny more. They are mortgaged to the hilt."

She sighed heavily.

"My poor father! If he only knew!" Then she thought of what her brother had done, the futility of helping him. The vain sacrifices she herself had made filled her with wrath which for the moment overcame her affection. "Oh! Guy—Guy—what a shameful—what a wicked thing it is! All gone the same way, and no use to help, no use to advise."

"If you have nothing but reproaches, Maude, I will go. I did think that from you I should meet with a little sympathy. But women are all alike."

"Yes," she said, bitterly, "we are all alike. We sit at home and hope and pray, and the Prodigal goes on, and takes everything and throws it away. We are all alike, Guy: we sit and suffer, and can do nothing."

He made no reply, because there was nothing to say. This thin and anxious woman of thirty had given him everything. He had taken all her own money and all she could get from her father; he had taken her jewels and sold them; he had taken her youth and beauty; he had promised, he had made countless promises, but he broke them all. It would have been better for her—far better—if at the very first mess she had left her brother to flounder out as best he might. Now she had done so much, she was bound to go on; she must stand by him and suffer to the end.

She had sunk into a chair, and sat with clasped hands, and eyes which had no tears in them. She could not cry for the indignation and bitterness in her heart.

"And my father knows nothing," she said—"he knows nothing. And some day he must be told, because I can help you no longer."

"If he must know, he must, I suppose," her brother replied, carelessly.

"There is your cousin, Guy: can you not even think of her?"

"I have thought about her, Maude. In fact, I think about her every day. Isn't it an infernal shame that a girl like that should have a hundred thousand pounds, and I should be hard up for a trifle of two thousand?"

"Is that all you think about?"

"Enough, too, I should say."

"What is she like?"

"I believe you would call her pretty. She's a fair girl; and her manners are good—at least, I dare say they are. She doesn't do anything dreadful. But you had better call upon her. She thinks a great deal about the relationship, and you may be civil to her."

"And won't you think about her, Guy, in the way I want? Think how it would set you up to marry her. You could buy back all your mortgages. You could start quite fair again. There would be no more debts and worries."

"I tell you I do think about her."

"Then why—oh! Guy—why—"

"Because I do not want to marry any woman. Is that sufficient reason for you?"

"I shall do what I can for you, Guy. When your difficulties are so great that you can bear them no longer, you will, perhaps, take the step which will relieve you. *It is the only step, remember.* Meantime I will do my best to prepare the way for you."

He made no reply, but left her with moody and morose face.

These schemes, these difficulties, were concealed from the head of the House, Lord Ferrier, who, although he found his son difficult to get on with, and taking small interest in the things which interested himself, was yet perfectly satisfied as regards his manner of life. Let the young man do what he pleased up to a certain time: he had himself followed the traditions of the House in serving under the colors for a term, before becoming a simple country gentleman. Let his son do the same thing. As for himself, he loved the simple life of his country house. He was a farmer and a landlord before everything else. Things were tight with him, because many of his farms were unlet; but things would improve. There was no money, because it had all been laid out in unproductive improvements; and at the best Lord Ferrier was poor for a Peer. A stately, tall man of sixty odd years, with a presence, who had gone beautifully gray, which is much better than going bald. He was taller than his son; his head was larger; his figure was broader; his appearance more solid; and his eyes were better. The eyes are the first of human features to catch the expression which grows out of the life which men lead; then it goes to the mouth and lips, and, finally, it is stamped as a seal upon the forehead. The stamp upon the old lord's forehead was what may be expected in that of a man who preserved those old-fashioned ideas about honor, duty, religion, loyalty, patriotism, property, rank, contentment, thrift, modesty, which formerly stood the old country in good stead, and seem now doomed to decay and disappearance; a man who was proud of his name and descent, was kind of heart and considerate toward all men; who was courtly in manner and sincere of speech; a man who hated Radicals, Republicans, Communists, Socialists, Nihilists, Comtists, atheists, and persons of "advanced" views generally, as he hated the DEVIL. As for his estates, he was a tenant for life; he held them on trust; it was his duty to hand them on to his successor improved and enlarged. And as every gentleman ought to have a hobby, it was Lord Ferrier's hobby that he could paint. He had painted steadily for forty years; and during the whole of the time, according to his friends, his painting had grown steadily worse. Yet every year he sent a picture to the Royal Academy, which was promptly rejected; and every year he made dozens of studies—landscapes, heads, cattle pieces, and river scenes—working as hard at his hobby as any professional man at the calling which gave him daily bread.

Maude called upon her cousin, and was gracious to her and to her guardian. The beauty and the grace of the girl, so soft, so delicate, so ethereal, surprised her. Was her brother a stone, that he should have been blind to this miracle of loveliness? Her manner was a little shy, because she was so inexperienced and so ignorant, but it was the manner of a lady. She invited her, with Mrs. Hallowes, to dinner alone, so that it would be a dinner *en famille*, she said.

To this first entertainment she did not invite her brother—for reasons. Lord Ferrier would interest the girl more. And, in fact, Virginie was greatly moved by the kind and affectionate reception which the venerated head of the House accorded her. He told her how he had been at school with her father, his first cousin, and what a good fellow he had always been, and how she resembled him in face, though her father was never—well, never half so charming; and he paid her so many compliments and showed her so much kindness that Virginie fell in love with him at once. The compliments and kindness of old men always please girls: if they are girls of the world they are pleased because men of such wide experience should show such admirable discrimination; if they are girls new to the world they are pleased because they are not afraid. The worst of young men's flattery is that one never knows what they may say next, and that they may at any moment go on to a proposal.

Maude began at once, so as to lose no time, to acquire that influence over her cousin's mind which would assist her in her designs. She must woo Virginie for her brother. She must make this girl in love with herself, with Lord Ferrier, with the house, with everything belonging to them, before she would try to make her fall in love with Guy. She called nearly every day; she sent frequent invitations; she drove with her; she made her father buy a horse for her, and then she rode with her; she managed so that if Virginie went anywhere, or saw anything, it should seem as if by her advice or help. She gave her wise counsel in matters of dress. She instructed her in the things which girls *must* know, or seem to know; and she took her in hand in the matters of art and music, of which Virginie was profoundly ignorant. In all Palmiste there is not such a thing as a picture; while as to music they know little or nothing beyond the elementary tune. And always she pleased the girl, who was easily pleased, by a show of affection, sympathy, and interest, as if she had always longed to know her, and had studied carefully how she could be of use to her. At the same time, lest Mrs. Hallowes should be jealous, she treated her as if she was an old and valued friend, instead of a mere acquaintance.

Then Virginie, thus assisted, began to go into society.

From her point of view it was bewildering. All the people seemed to know everybody, and to be able to talk about everything. For herself, she knew nothing, and she knew nobody. She was not able, at first, to talk about anything. After a little she began to understand something. Maude taught her the way in which pictures and music and books are talked about. But the things of real interest, the family histories, the personal gossip, she could not master. She was also greatly astonished at first because no one took the smallest interest in the events and politics of Palmiste Island. In her eyes this place was the most important, in everybody's eyes, of all the British dominions, next to England itself. Small as it was, only a tiny speck in the ocean, it grew such a quantity of sugar, and had so romantic a history, that Australia, New Zealand, Canada, seemed of comparatively small importance. And she could not possibly understand how anybody could fail to be interested in its politics, its fertility, its beauty, or the differences in the social position of the inhabitants. Most astonishing thing of all, she actually once met a colored man, a native of the island, at a dance, and the English girls were dancing with him! Happily, the man had not the presumption to ask her for a dance. Then she met a man who had been a Governor there, and nobody called him "your Excellency," or paid him the slightest reverence or respect; and men talked slightingly of Colonial Bishops; and gentlemen who were honorable members of the Legislative Council were held as naught. These things were strange to her at first. Maude was worse than anybody. She refused to pretend any interest in Palmiste; she would talk of nothing but England, and, which Virginie liked, especially of the honor and glory of the Ferrier house. But daily she felt more and more how small a thing was her own sugar estate and simple bungalow compared with the splendid estates and noble houses of the people to whom she now belonged.

"Why should you trouble your head about the place?" Maude said. "You will marry and settle in England, and your mother will then, I hope, come home and live with you. You have no other friends there, have you?"

"Oh yes! I have many friends. There is my guardian, Captain Kemyss, to begin with, and Madame, and Tom."

"Tom! Who is Tom?"

"Tom is Captain Kemyss's son, you know. He always told me he loved me."

"That seems great presumption; but perhaps he only meant it in a brotherly sense."

"Of course," said Virginie. "Tom was always a brother to me."

Poor Tom!

"And then," she continued, "there was the Professor."

"What was he?"

"He is in England now. He isn't a Professor any more; and his name is Percival. He always said he loved me too."

"They showed their good taste, my dear Virginie," said Maude, laughing. "But I think it was great impudence to tell you of it. Perhaps they merely wanted to make you understand that they really had good taste. No doubt, however, they have already consoled themselves."

When the first strangeness had gone off, when Virginie had become an established and constant visitor at the house, when her father became, by his own admiration of the girl, an unwitting accomplice in her schemes, Maude began, but cautiously, to talk about her brother. He seldom went into general society, she explained, because he was too fastidious for general society; the dreadful want of taste in conversation, dress, and manners irritated him; he did not, certainly, belong to the dancing set; it was not to be expected of him that he would go to balls for the sake of the supper, as many men do in this abominable town. Guy was, as no doubt Virginie had already discovered, a man of the most refined and fastidious taste; he was not a great talker, but his opinions were convictions; he never tried to show his own superiority, but when he was called upon, Maude said, the true ring of intellect was heard in his every utterance; what he said was always right; what he did was always noble. Maude drew the picture of the brother she ought to have had—the splendid result of generations of careful training; the perfect knight; the statesman of the future; the prop and support of the Conservative cause. Heavens! if men only understood how women love them to be great and strong! They know that we want them to be beautiful, and they do their best, all out of the kindness of their hearts, to meet our views. But we, selfish creatures that we are, waste and idle our lives away and do nothing, so that our sisters and wives are fain to be ashamed of us, and to apologize for us, instead of being proud and happy because we are so brave and so industrious. Lay it to heart, my brothers.

One thing astonished Maude; yet she seemed to understand it. Guy had never fallen in love with any woman. This was not because his nature was cold, for, she said, he was a man of the deepest and warmest feeling, but it arose from his refined taste, and the dread which he naturally felt lest he should find something in his wife, when it was too late, to trouble and irritate him. "Think, my dear Virginie," she said, clasping her hands, "if such a man, with nerves so highly strung, should have to live all his days with a person whose very appearance might irritate him hourly! My dear child, if he could only find a true wife somewhere; if he could only find a woman of your tender heart and sweet temper and sympathetic susceptibilities! But there," she sighed, "men never see what is lying before their very feet."

"Sometimes I think," she said, warming to her subject, "that Guy is like a knight of romance. There was never any frivolity about him; he could never endure what some young men call fun. Heaven protect us from the funny man! He never wanted to laugh at foolish jokes and stories. My dear, did you ever see a whole theatre full of people laughing because a man has tumbled down and hurt himself? He never wanted to talk, even as a boy, to show his wisdom. You have observed, probably, his silent moods. It is by meditation that wisdom comes. When he is in a silent mood he loves to hear grave music. I was glad when he came in last night and sat down in a corner, not wanting to talk, that you were playing that sonata. Your playing, dear child, like your voice, soothes him. My own voice is too loud for him, and my playing is too—what shall I say?—too brilliant. I play as I was taught, and I suppose I think too much about execution."

"Guy was saying the other day"—this was during another of Maude's confidential conversations—"that beautiful women are made for beautiful rooms. 'Our own rooms,' he said, 'never look properly furnished unless Virginie is in them.' Was it not pretty of him, my dear?"

These and a thousand such sayings could not fail to produce an effect upon a girl so utterly inexperienced as Virginie. Mrs. Hallowes, who knew perfectly well what they meant, and who perfectly appreciated the value of her ward, fell in with the plot, because she honestly thought the match a highly advantageous one for the girl. She wrote to that effect, indeed, to Captain Kemyss. "I hear nothing very much," she said, "against Captain Ferrier's reputation, except that he is a man of very few friends. His chief fault in my eyes is that, if he intends to become Virginie's lover, he shows very little ardor. Indeed, he has not even begun to make love. But his sister assures me that his affections are very strongly engaged, and that he only hesitates because he thinks that the young lady should at least have time to look round her. This seems honorable, though not what one would expect of a young man, when so beautiful an heiress is in the case. Indeed, I should prefer a little anxiety lest so great a prize should be carried off by some one else. As regards our dear girl, she looks upon Maude as her greatest friend; she considers Maude's brother to be all that a fond sister has painted him. And though I do not suppose that she is at all what we used to call 'in love,' I do think that she waits but the word. When that is spoken, there will be no other man in the world for her but Captain Ferrier.

"You must not think that she forgets her Palmiste friends; on the contrary, she is always thinking of you all, and for you, and especially of her brother Tom. But she writes to you so often that I need not assure you any farther upon this point."

"So she will marry her cousin, after all," said Captain Kemyss, laying down the letter, with a sigh. "I do not like him; but I may be wrong. After all, it is satisfactory to think that she will be Lady Ferrier. Her father would have liked it. And as for Tom—her 'brother' Tom—as Mrs. Hallowes calls him—clever woman, that!—he must put up with his disappointment. What else could he expect? Perhaps, if things go wrong, he may remain as Virginie's manager. I would rather he had been her husband."

So things were planned for Virginie. She was to marry her cousin. She had been brought over from Palmiste for that purpose; she had become engaged to him out there, people said; she had been romantically promised to him in infancy, others said. Nobody knew who started these reports, or what foundation of fact they possessed; but everybody believed them, and Maude herself, when she was asked if they were true, did not contradict the statement.

But what a shame, what an extraordinary shame, that so beautiful a girl should have been engaged even before she came out! The soft sweet languor of her manner was roused to animation only when she danced; her limpid eyes; the delicacy of her complexion; her graceful figure; her gentle kindliness to all alike, from Peer to Treasury clerk, endeared her to English youth, and made Mrs. Hallowes, who "ran" this heavenly creature, a power for the time in the social world. With an heiress, one can always get into good houses; with such an heiress, there is no telling to what heights Mrs. Hallowes might have raised herself, but for the events which interrupted her upward flight just when she was beginning to feel herself at her strongest and best. These events were connected intimately with the ride of this particular morning in June.

As these three rode in the Row there were many who recognized them and pointed them out to each other. Among these were some—gentlemen dressed with perhaps more regard to color and picturesqueness of effect than is common in society—who seemed to know the Captain professionally, and informed each other that things were looking up with certain pieces of signed paper; for the Hon'ble Captain Ferrier was going to marry a girl—no doubt the fair-haired girl riding alongside him—who had got, it was said, nothing short of a hundred—yes, a hundred thousand at her back. Then they passed by, and others followed, and a good many of the men who rode that morning seemed to interest these gentlemen with big cigars and showy garments and diamond rings.

Now, where the crowd was thickest, opposite Hyde Park Gate, where the chairs were ranged in a double row and were all filled, there stood a lady, still young, being not more than five or six and twenty, accompanied by an old gentleman,

and surrounded by a small court of gentlemen. Other ladies as they passed turned their heads and looked at her with curiosity—that is a polite way of saying that they stared their very rudest and hardest at her. She was well dressed—extraordinarily well dressed—and was a most striking and handsome woman, with regular, strongly marked features, a strong mouth and chin, and rather a loud voice. Outside the little circle of her friends stood, or strolled, all looking at her, a noble army of martyrs—young men who longed to make her acquaintance, but could not, because they had no one who would introduce them. For this young lady was no other than Violet Lovelace, the new light of the London stage, as clever and sparkling as any who had ever offered their beauty and their wit for the admiration of the public. And this little circle round her consisted of those who could boast of an acquaintance with her, in right of which they became her courtiers. And the old gentleman—he was manifestly old, though his wig was black and curly, because his lips trembled and his eyes were crow's-footed—was Paul Perigal, for many years attached to the Princess's Theatre. He was, in fact, in his seventy-fifth year, and he dressed carefully after the fashion of his thirty-fifth summer, which was when her gracious Majesty was still a youthful bride, and when the mode as regards collars, neck-ties, and hats differed in some important details from the present. Violet Lovelace retained her old friend and tutor in her house as her companion: he kept the house going, paid the bills, was her faithful steward, saw that the "boy" was looked after when his mother was at rehearsal, and went with her wherever she went. Now, as Violet was invited a good deal to supper and breakfast, and liked to accept as many invitations as possible, being a kind-hearted person, glad to bestow a little happiness wherever she could, the old man was more than her companion and friend—he was her chaperon; and nobody lived who could truthfully boast that Violet Lovelace had accepted an invitation alone.

While they were all talking the lady half turned her head and looked at the riders. Then she stopped laughing suddenly.

"What is it, Violet?" asked one of her friends—everybody called her by her Christian name. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I have, my lord," she replied. "I have seen a ghost whom I hoped never to see again; and I feel as if buckets of cold water were being poured down my back. So I think I will go home. Come, Daddy."

"The ghost I saw, Daddy," she explained, when they were outside the Park, "was the ghost of my husband. He did not see me. The sight of him made me long to—to say something I should not. A lady must not be violent, must she?"

Paul shook his head doubtfully.

"Violence," he said, "sometimes means fire. You ought to rise to the occasion. Give me a woman who can feel a situation, and rip out the words as if she meant them. But such a woman is hard to find nowadays. "When I was a young man—"

"I do feel the situation, Daddy. I assure you I feel it very strongly. And I should like very much to rip out the words. But somehow I don't think the audience would have been pleased. We must always consider the stalls, you know. In your young days you only played for the pit. Let us go home. The sunshine has turned into cloud for us, and the warm air is cold."

"The *Return of the Husband*," murmured Paul. "Adapted from the French of *Le Mari Repenti*. Principal parts by Miss Violet Lovelace and Mr.— I remember he said his name was Richard Johnson; but he looked like Mr. Plantagenet Howard."

"Never mind his name, Daddy. That was his sister riding with him—the sallow-faced woman, with black hair and big eyes and a thin figure. She looked at me as she passed with the curious contempt which makes us actresses love the real lady so much. Bless her! I know all about her. My husband takes all her money from her to pay his debts. Tender, thoughtful brother he is! Daddy"—she clasped the old man's arm with both her hands, though they were in the open, in gay and gladsome Piccadilly, which has a thousand eyes—"Daddy, if I thought the boy was going to turn out like his father, I would—no, I would ask you to take him away and kill him."

"He won't," said Paul. "With such a training as I have given him, and such an example as mine, he can't."

"Who was the girl with him, I wonder? Not that I care. She seemed pretty."

"If he repents, and comes home and asks forgiveness, I suppose you will take him on again?"

"Never, never! And he knows it. Marriage is always a lottery. Some men belong to the good lottery; most to the bad lottery. My husband, Daddy, is one of the very last and worst; he is, indeed, a most disgraceful lottery. But even he won't try on the repentant dodge. Don't talk about him any more, and let us buy something to take home to the boy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOSS OF THE "RODGERS."

We have now full particulars of the destruction by fire of the *Rodgers*, the vessel sent out last fall in search of the missing *Jeannette*. On the 18th of October, 1881, the *Rodgers* went into winter-quarters, and her crew made preparations for the six months' night of the North, and for dispatching sledge parties along the coast and into the interior for news of the lost explorers. But on the 30th of November an accident hitherto unimagined in arctic voyages took place. A fire broke out in the fore hold, and soon gained the mastery. It originated underneath one of the boiler-rooms, and may therefore most probably be attributed to the heat from the boiler charring and burning the deck. The men went quickly to their stations, but the place whence the smell of burning came was so situated that it was impossible to get a stream of water on it. In a few minutes the fore hatch was opened, and two pipes were directed into the burning hold. Volumes of smoke now rolled out so dense that the men at the hose and even the firemen in the donkey-engine-room were compelled to abandon their posts. The fire, it was soon seen, was spreading aft, and all hope of saving the ship was abandoned. Lieutenant Berry then directed his attention to the safety of the men under his command. The ship was headed for the beach, and it was hoped that, by scuttling her, provisions enough might be saved to support the men till rescue came. The wind was light, and the *Rodgers* would not mind her helm, but was carried by the tide to a low spit, where she grounded about five hundred feet from the shore. All around her was a sea of soft young ice, so thick that the stoutest arms could not push a boat through, and yet so weak that it would bear no weight. After repeated efforts a skin boat succeeded in carrying a deep-sea line to the land, and then the other boats were warped ashore. But before the last two had left the ship the fire had broken through the fore hatch, and the men were compelled to desert them. It will give some idea of the state of the icy slush around the vessel to say that the last boats left the ship at a quarter before twelve, and spent over two hours in forcing their way through the five hundred yards which separated them from the land. By the time they had landed, the whole ship was on fire; the line that held her to the shore was soon burned in two, and with her rigging and sails in flames the *Rodgers* swept out to sea. She was last seen on the morning of December 2, still drifting, a blazing wreck, and casting a lurid light on the eternal snows. So exhausted were the men by their fight with the fire and their exertions in forcing the boats through the ice, that no attempt was made to construct a shelter. They passed the night in the open air, and as the ice prevented them from reaching a native village, they had to remain a second night in a violent snow-storm. The party was subsequently divided up among four villages in the neighborhood of the bay, and were hospitably treated by the natives.

But the demon of the pole would not be satisfied without his victim. In February Master Putnam, commanding the supply dépôt at Cape Serdze Kamen, arrived at the village with provisions. He started to return in bad weather, but lost his escort in the blinding drifts of snow, and was carried out to sea on an ice-floe. Four of the *Rodgers's* men tried to rescue him, but the intervening ice defied their efforts. The last seen of the unfortunate officer was when he was drifting abreast the village, about seven miles from shore. Five of his seven dogs reached land, all cut by the ice, and one wounded by a pistol-ball, as if the luckless Putnam had endeavored to shoot it for food.

HERE'S TO OUR STARRY FLAG!

Here's to our starry flag! No matter where it fly,
Over the polar snows, under the tropic sky,
Out on the silent prairie, or on the restless wave,
Over the lonely camp, over the marching brave,
Or in the busy city, where'er men fling it forth,
In the East, or the West, or the South, or the North,
Here's to the starry flag,
The flag that flies above us!
Here's to the land we love!
Here's to the hearts that love us!

Here's to our starry flag! Over our homes it flies;
Oh, dear is it to our hearts, and pleasant unto our eyes;
Over the little children, over the maiden sweet,
Over the toiling men in the city's crowded street,
Over the court and market, over the rich and poor,
Fair is our flag of freedom, beautiful everywhere.
Here's to our starry flag,
The flag that flies above us!
Here's to the land we love!
Here's to the hearts that love us!

If you would know how dear, wander away from home;
Far, far east to other lands, just for a season roam,
Suddenly wake to see, some lovely autumn day,
The starry bunting flying free over New York Bay;
Oh then with throbbing heart, oh then with happy tear,
You'll say, "Dear flag of my country—dear flag, so dear, so dear!"
Here's to the starry flag,
The flag that flies above us!
Here's to the land we love!
Here's to the hearts that love us!

MATRIMONIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

There is no period in a woman's life that so completely changes her whole existence as marriage, and for that very reason she is apt to be more superstitious and fanciful at that time than at any other; and while superstitions are fast becoming a something of the past, there are very few women who will not hesitate before making Friday their wedding day, or will not rejoice at the sunshine, for "happy is the bride that the sun shines on." June and October have always been held as the most propitious months in the twelve, a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in conjunction.

The Romans were very superstitious about marrying in May or February; they avoided all celebration days, and the Calends, Nones, and Ides of every month. The day of the week on which the 14th of May fell was considered very unlucky in many parts of merry old England, and in Orkney a bride selects her wedding day so that its evening may have a growing moon and a flowing tide.

In Scotland the last day of the year is thought to be lucky, and if the moon should happen to be full at any time when a wedding takes place, the bride's cup of happiness is expected to be always full. In Perthshire the couple who have had their banns published at the end of one and are married at the beginning of another quarter of a year can expect nothing but ends.

The day of the week is also of great importance, Sunday being a great favorite in some parts of England and Ireland. And although an English lass would not marry on Friday, the French girl thinks the first Friday in the month particularly fortunate. Most of us know the old saying concerning the wedding-day:

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday is the best day of all,
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all."

In Yorkshire, when the bride is on the point of crossing her father's threshold, after returning from church, a plate containing a few square pieces of cake is thrown from an upper window of the house by a male relative; if the plate is broken she will be happy, if not she will not expect to escape misery.

In Sweden a bride must carry bread in her pocket, and as many pieces of it as she can throw away, just so much trouble does she cast from her; but it is no luck to gather the pieces. But should the bride lose her slipper, then she will lose old troubles, only in this case the person who picks it up will gain riches. The Manxmen put salt in their pockets, and the Italians blessed charms.

It is an unhappy omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has been fixed, and it is believed much harm will ensue if a bridegroom stands at the junction of cross-roads or beside a closed gate upon his wedding morn. In England it is thought to be a bad sign if the bride *fails to shed tears* on the happy day, or if she indulges herself by taking a last glance at the looking-glass after her toilet is completed; but she may gratify her vanity without danger if she leaves one hand ungloved. To look back or go back before gaining the church door, to marry in green, or while there is an open grave in the church-yard, are all unfortunate, and the bride must be careful to go in at one door and out at another.

When the bridemaids undress the bride, they must throw away and lose all the pins. Woe to the bride if a single one be left about her! Nothing will go right. Woe also to the bridemaids if they keep one of them! for they will not be married before Whitsuntide or till the Easter following at the soonest.

If the bridal party venture off dry land, they must go up stream. The bride must, to be lucky, wear

"Something old and something new,
Something gold and something blue."

If she should see a strange cat or hear a cat sneeze on her wedding day, then she will be very happy; and if on her wedding morning she steps from her bed on to something higher, and again on to something higher still, she will from that moment rise in the world. For this purpose a table is placed beside the bed, and if it can stand near the dresser or something higher than it, then she must step from the table to that which is higher. But woe betide her should she fall!

In leaving the house and church, she must be very careful to put her right foot forward, and on no account allow any one to speak to her husband until she has called him by name.

To break the wedding ring is an omen that the wearer will soon be a widow; but

"As your wedding ring wears,
So will wear away your cares."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Paris Tramway Company, after having experimented with twenty-one different devices for running cars without horse-power, has gone back to horses, and for the present will try no more new systems.

There is no end of suggestions offered to the Iowa farmers as to how they might escape the fury of future tornadoes, but no one has yet advised them to build their houses under their cellars.

It would seem that there are some very robust tellers of snake stories in Georgia. The strife of the present season has culminated in a story about a young woman of Rome who went out shopping, and when she returned found that she had put on her hat with a large snake in it, and had been wearing it next to her head since she started out.

"The Democratic party," says a Connecticut paper, "is the party of the future." As such it has served the country so acceptably for the last twenty years that it will probably be allowed to remain the party of the future till the end of futurity.

Announcement was recently made to the Commissioners of Emigration in this city that the Hebrew Emigrant Aid Society would be unable to care for the Russian Jews coming to this port in the future. Lack of money with which to carry on the work was the reason assigned for its abandonment; but there can be no doubt that the disposition and character of the immigrants had much to do with the lack of funds. The immigrants are as a class the most destitute in respect to money, muscle, common-sense, cleanliness, and disposition to help themselves that have ever been sent to the New World. They do not hold out the promise of good results to the philanthropically disposed, and that is why it is so much harder to get money here with which to aid them than to get money in Europe with which to pass them along to this side of the ocean. The London *Times* of a recent date says that those who have been sent to America are such as appeared to the committee having charge of the matter in Europe "fit subjects for emigration." It can not be denied that the Russian Jews who are now arriving in the United States are fit subjects for emigration—fitter by far than for immigration.

Weather item from the Searcy (Arkansas) *Record* of June 17: "Last Monday, about 1 o'clock P.M., while the thermometer stood at 100°, a snow-shower fell in Searcy from a cloudless sky." The alleged phenomenon was of course witnessed by a sufficient number of the oldest and most trustworthy residents, one of whom estimates that enough snow fell to have covered the ground if it had not melted.

It has been discovered that the Japanese Indemnity Bill, as passed by the Senate, directs President Arthur to pay Japan seven hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars out of his own pocket. He is indebted for this privilege to a laborious process of amendment by striking out and writing in words and lines.

Under the new Chinese law, Chinamen going out of the United States with the intention of returning must provide themselves with certificates for their identification when they come back—a plan which may have been suggested by the return-check system in vogue at the doors of theatres. Among the applicants for certificates in San Francisco on a recent day were a Chinese dwarf four feet tall, a Chinese giant six feet and four inches in height, and a bald Chinaman. They must be described in their certificates.

It is worth while to see the children from the big tenement districts of the city enjoying themselves at the summer home established by the Children's Aid Society at Bath, on Long Island. Since the opening of the home for the season, on June 12, some six hundred children of the poor have been treated to all the bracing air, wholesome food, and salt-water bathing that they could enjoy in a week's stay. Last season the cost of giving a child a week's pleasure and profit at the home was only a dollar and fifty-eight cents. The office of the society is at 19 East Fourth Street, this city.

A laborer was found clinging to the brake rod under a carriage in an English express train, where he had ridden ninety miles. He had wound pieces of flannel around his hands in order that he might hold on more safely.

The Belgian government is about to adopt pulverized meat as a ration for the soldiers. There are few languages that contain a word which is in every way an equivalent of the English noun "hash."

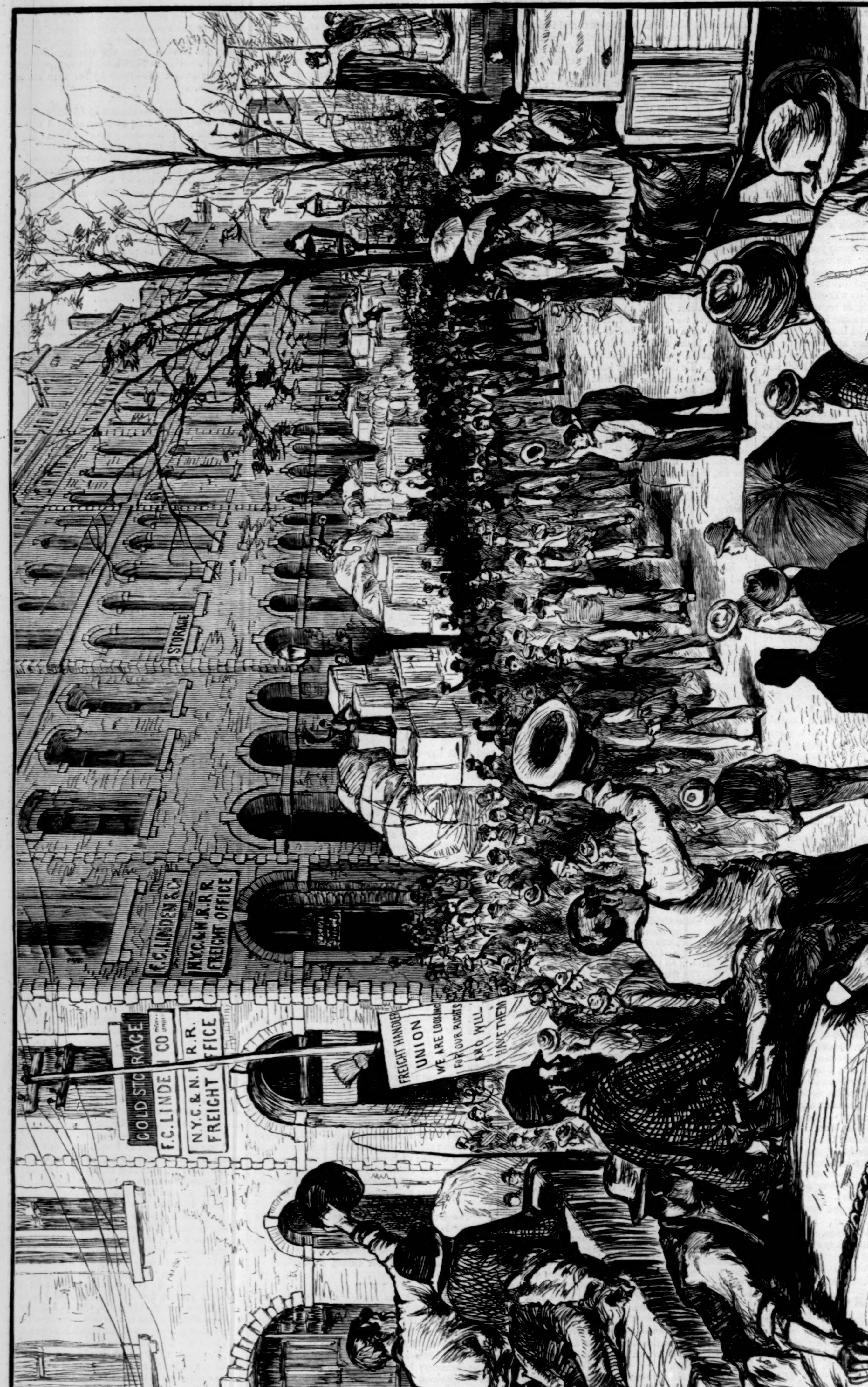
An old lady "who moulded the bullets for General Jackson's army at the battle of New Orleans" died recently in Baton Rouge. Improvident as it was for General Jackson to go into the fight depending upon this feminine patriot to mould bullets as fast as his soldiers could fire them at the enemy, all honor should be accorded to her for her good work, and also in view of the fact that she was never a colored servant in George Washington's family. Had she laid claim to both honors, she would have betrayed a tendency toward monopoly, against which there is at present a strong public sentiment.

The price of vegetables has gone up to such a figure that potato festivals are to some extent taking the place of strawberry festivals in the interior cities.

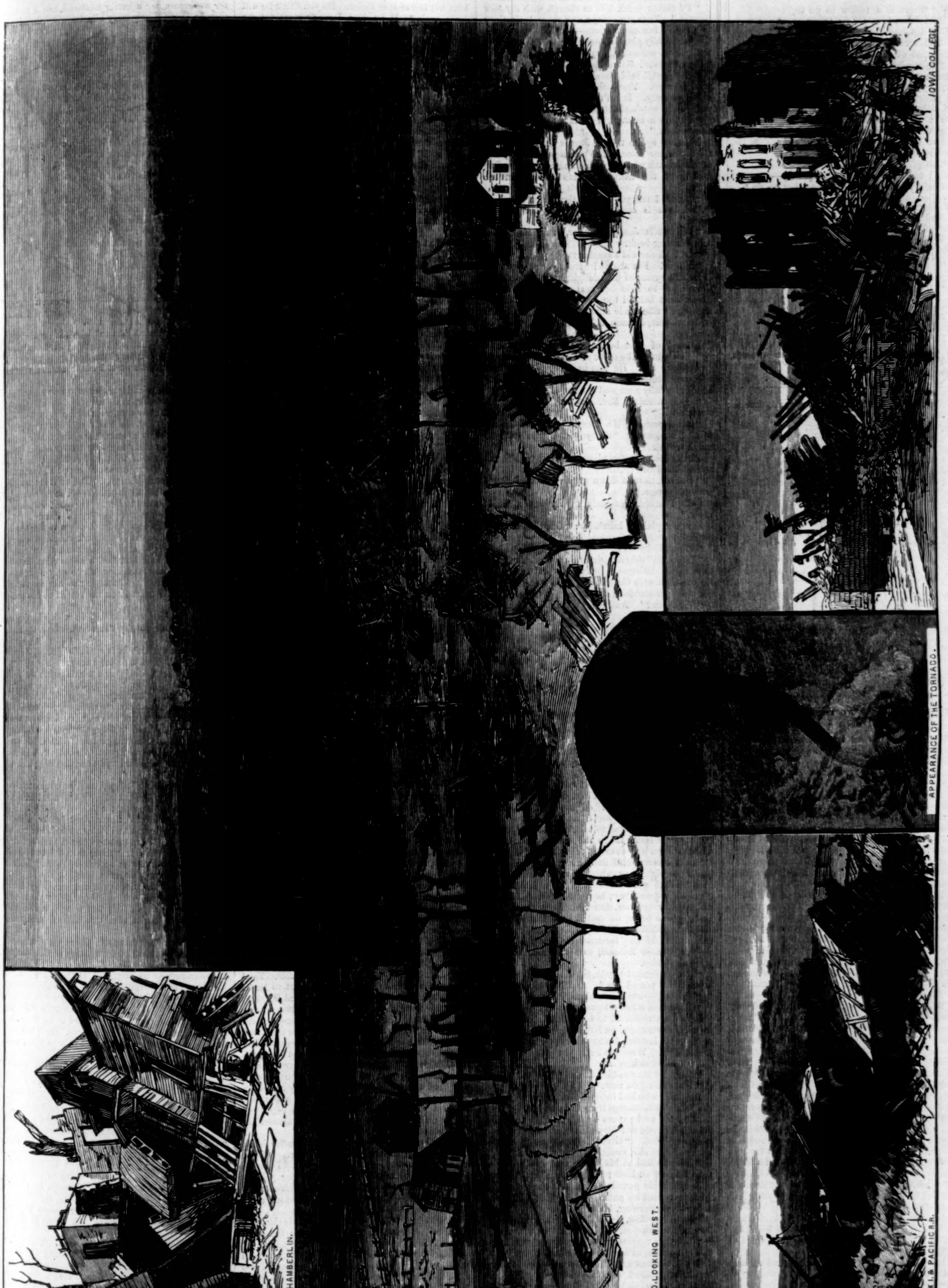
A fence 200 miles long, extending from the Indian Territory across a part of Texas, and thirty-five miles into New Mexico, is in course of construction. When it is finished, the pig that insists upon trotting from one end of the fence to the other in preference to being driven through an open gateway will find it for his advantage to be of the unimproved Texan variety.

Squire Rash, of Missouri, was chosen by the Greenbackers as a delegate to their State Convention. There's no telling in what form the Greenback ailment may break out.

A young American in London, the owner of a small American-built yacht, which he calls the *Gleam*, has been throwing out the most audacious challenges to owners of cutter-built craft. His is a centre-board boat, broad and shallow, and in occasional chance trials of sailing qualities in English waters she has taken the wind out of the sails of cutters that would have to give her time allowance under the rules. It is said that the American succeeded, after much parley, in arranging for a series of races for a heavy stake with an English "unknown," but the races did not come off. It is now announced that Mr. Prescott Weston has accepted one of the bold American's many challenges, and is building a yacht at Southampton to compete with the *Gleam*. The stakes are large, and the match is to be sailed this month. The American yachtsman abroad is Mr. Frederick Gower. He is the son of a sea-captain, and much of his experience as a sailor was acquired while handling a cat-boat on Narragansett Bay and Long Island Sound, in preference to attending to his classics and mathematics in college. He is an enthusiast in the matter of aquatic sports. It would be a noteworthy achievement if Mr. Gower, with his Yankee craft, should make a record in English waters similar to that made with the little English cutter *Madge* on this side of the ocean last season.



THE PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FREIGHT HANDLERS.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 427.]



THE DESTRUCTION OF GRINNELL, IOWA, BY A TORNADO.—From Sketches by A. J. Ricker.—[See Page 429.]

GOING—WHERE?

Now where is a fellow to go to,
And what is a fellow to do,
Who has been to all the places,
And wants to try something new?
I'm tired of the Branch and of Newport;
The Springs are horribly slow;
Mount Desert's given over to children—
Say, Tom, my boy, where would you go?

At either the mountains or sea-shore
I'm sure to be awfully bored;
I vow I won't cross the water—
I've only just come from abroad.
The season for hunting is over;
The races are left, it is true,
But I never was much of a jockey—
Can't you tell me, old man, what to do?

Of course there is flirting and dancing
And that sort of thing to be done;
But after the first few seasons
You wish that you'd never begun,
And dread all the weary sameness
Of picnics and Germans and balls,
And really despise, while you smile at,
The gossip of morning calls.

I've thought of taking up yachting,
And doing the real true blue.
Can't you cut the shop and go with me
For a trip of a month or two?
Of course not! I might have known it;
You've no time from business to spare.
It seems to me that to business
You give more of your time than is fair.

I don't know but what you are right, though;
It seems as if you always knew
Exactly where you were going,
And just what you wanted to do.
Yes, for once your advice I'll follow;
No longer a duty I'll shirk.
Instead of to mountain or sea-shore,
I'll go with you, old fellow, to—work.

C. K. M.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Woman-Hater," etc.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER III.

What wonderful restoratives are a good long sleep and the dawn of day! They co-operate so, invigorating the body and fortifying the mind. They clear away the pain and the forebodings night engenders, and brighten not only the face of nature, but our individual prospects. The glorious dawn falling upon our refreshed eyes and invigorated bodies is like a trumpet sounding "Nil Desperandum." Mrs. Mansell was one of the many whom sleep and dawn re-inspired and reconciled to her lot that morning. She had slept in a pure atmosphere—untarnished by a drunkard's breath. She awoke with her nerves composed and her heart strengthened.

Her life was to be a battle—that was plain. But she had forces and an ally. Her forces were rare health, strength, prudence, and sobriety. Her ally was Deborah. She began the battle this morning brightly and hopefully. She was the first up, and having dressed herself neatly, as she always did, she put on a large apron and bib, coarse but clean, and descended to the parlor. She called up the spiral staircase—"James!"

No answer.

She went into the shop, and called down the kitchen stairs. No reply from her sister. "Lazybones," said she. She struck a light in the shop, and her eye fell upon a large hand-bell. She took it up and rang it down the kitchen stairs. Instantly there was a sort of yawn of distress. Then she bustled into the parlor, and rang it up the spiral staircase. Then she set it down, and took her candle into the shop, and sorted, and dusted, and counted the goods, and cleaned the counter.

Presently in sauntered Deborah from the kitchen, with her hair in curl papers, and a chasm in the upper part of her gown, so that she seemed half dislocated; and she adhered to the wall for support, and sprawled out one long arm and a hand, which she flattened against the wall, to hold on by suction sooner than not at all. "Here's a [yawn] to do," said she. "Anybody's [yawn] cat dead?"

"No, but mine are catching no mice. Nobody to light the fire and give my man his breakfast while I open the shop. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Too sleepy [yawn] to be ashamed of anything!"

"Then wake up and bustle."

Deborah gave herself a wriggle that set her long bare arms flying like windmills, and went to work. The pair soon brightened the parlor, and then Sarah came into the shop and opened the door; but the patent shutters outside were heavy and stiff, as she knew, so she called Deborah.

"You might pull down those heavy shutters outside for me. You are stronger than I am, for all you look like a jelly-bag."

Deborah drew back in dismay. "Me go into the street! I'm not half dressed."

"Fine shapes don't need fine clothes. You might catch another husband on the pavement."

"I'd rather catch him in church with my new bonnet." Then, to escape any more invitations to publish her curl papers—for that was where the shoe really pinched—she ran maliciously into the parlor, screaming up the corkscrew stairs: "Here, master! James Mansell, you are wanted!"

"Be quiet," said Sarah, coloring; "he is not your servant. Them that do it for me will be round directly. It isn't the master's business to put up the wife's shutters."

"I think it is, then, if he is a man, for it is a man's work."

Deborah spoke this at James Mansell, and at the top of her voice. The words were hardly out of her mouth when a man's hands were seen to pull down the heavy shutters and let in the light.

"Didn't I tell you?" said the ready Deborah. "And here is one dropped from the sky express."

"Why, it is Joseph Pinder," said Mrs. Mansell, drawing back.

"La! Your old sweetheart!"

"Never! For shame! Hold your tongue!"

Deborah grinned with delight, and whipped into the parlor to hide her curl papers and listen. Sarah went behind the counter and minded her business. She made sure Pinder would proceed on his course, as soon as he had done that act of courtesy.

Instead of that he came slowly and a little sheepishly in at the door, and stood at the counter opposite her. He was in a complete suit of white cotton, all but his soft brown hat, and looked wonderfully neat and clean.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Mansell," said he, respectfully.

"Good-morning, Mr. Pinder," said Mrs. Mansell. Then, stiffly, "Sorry you should take so much trouble."

Pinder looked puzzled, so, woman-like, she answered his looks:

"I mean, to take down my shutters. I pay a person express."

"Oh, I heard somebody say it was a man's work."

Sarah explained hurriedly: "Oh, that was my sister."

"What, Deborah?"

"Deborah," said she, dryly, in a way calculated to close the dialogue. But Pinder did not move. He fumbled with his hat, and at last said he was not there by accident, but had come to see her.

"What for?" And she opened her eyes rather wide.

"A little bit of business."

Sarah colored, but she said, dryly, "What can I serve you?"

"Oh, it is not with *you*; it is with your husband."

"Indeed," said she, rather incredulously, almost suspiciously.

"Got him a job."

"That is very good of you, I'm sure," was the reply, and now the tone was satirical. "My husband has plenty of jobs."

"Well, he used to have; but the shop-keepers here are against him now; they say he leaves his work."

Sarah seized this opportunity to get rid of Mr. Pinder altogether. "Did you come here to run my husband down to me?" she inquired, haughtily.

"Am I one of that sort?" said Pinder, defiantly. He was beginning to take offense, as well he might. "I came to do the man a good turn, whether I get any thanks for it or not."

Sarah colored and held her peace. He had taken the right way with her now. But it was hard for the good-natured fellow to hold spite, especially against her; he went naturally back to his friendly manner, and told her that the new Rectory was being decorated by a London firm, and their grainer had been taken ill, and he (Pinder) had told the foreman he knew a tiptop grainer, James Mansell, and the foreman had jumped at him.

"I've made the bargain, Sarah. London price. It's a thirty pound job." And he looked proud.

"Thirty pounds?" exclaimed Sarah.

"Yes; it is a large house, panelled rooms, and hall, and staircase, all to be grained, besides the doors, and shutters, and skirtings. Only mind, these swell London tradesmen won't stand—unpunctuality. Where is he, if you please?"

"Oh, he is at home."

"Then let me see him directly."

"You can't just now."

Deborah, who had listened to every word, chose this moment to emerge from the parlor. She had utilized her curl papers by lighting the fire with them, and came out very neat in a charming cap, and courtesied. "Give him half an hour, Mr. Pinder," said she, sweetly; "he is in bed."

Pinder looked at his watch, and said he could not wait half an hour; he was due; but he wrote a line with his pencil for Mansell to give to the foreman; then he put on his cap and said, jauntily, "Good-morning, ladies."

"Good-morning, sir," said Deborah, graciously.

"And thank you, Joseph," said Sarah, gently.

"You are very welcome; I suppose you know that," said he, as bluntly as he could.

When he was gone, Sarah's artificial indifference disappeared with a vengeance. She ran into the parlor, and screamed up the spiral staircase, "James! James! Such good news! Get up and come down directly!"

"All right," said a sleepy voice.

Then she turned on Deborah. "And what call had you to say he was in bed?"

"Oh, the truth may be blamed, but it can't be shamed," was Deborah's steady reply.

Proverbs being unanswerable, Sarah changed the subject. "And if you haven't got on my new cap!"

Deborah had no by-word ready to justify misappropriation of another lady's cap; so she took a humble tone. "La, Sally, I couldn't help it, he was such a nice young man. You can't abide him, but tastes they differ. Do you think he will come again? If he does, I really must set my cap at him."

"But not *mine*;" and Sarah, who was in rare spirits, whipped her cap in a moment off her sister's head.

"La! you needn't to take my hair and all," whined Deborah. "That's my own, anyway."

"Then you are not in the fashion," was the ready reply. "Come, Deb, enough chat; this is a busy morning, and a happy morning to make us forget last night forever. Now, dear, run and make my man his coffee—nice and strong."

"I will."

"And clean his boots for going out."

"If I must, I must," said Deborah, with sudden languor. She never could see why women should clean men's boots.

"And air him a shirt."

"Is that all?" inquired Deborah, affecting surprise.

"All at present," said the mistress, dryly.

"What, hasn't he any hose to darn, nor hair to be cut, nor teeth to be cleaned for him?"

"You go on, with your cheek," and she threatened Deborah merrily with a duster. Her heart was light. And now a customer or two trickled in at intervals. She served them promptly and civilly.

Presently she saw her husband coming slowly down the spiral staircase. She ran into the parlor to meet him. Not a word about last night, but welcomed him with smiles and a long kiss. "Good news, dear," said she, jubilant.

He received her with discouraging languor. "Well, what is up?"

But she was not to be disheartened so easily. "Why, Jemmy dear, there's a job waiting for you at the Rectory, and you are to have thirty pounds for it."

"Thirty pounds! That will be a long job."

She tossed her head a little at that. "Why a long job? It is not day work. It shouldn't be a long job if I had it to do, and was as clever as you are. Come, here's Deborah with your coffee and nice hot toast. Eat your breakfast and start. No, don't take it into the parlor, Deb, to waste more time; set it down here on the flap. I do love to see him eat."

Mr. Mansell, thus stimulated, put the coffee to his lips. But he set it down untasted, and said he couldn't.

"Try, dear; 'twill do you good."

"I can't, Sally; I am very ill; my head swims so, and my chest is on fire. Oh!" and Mr. Mansell leaned on the end of the counter and groaned aloud. He made so much of his disease that Sarah was alarmed, and told Deborah to run for the doctor.

That personage stood stock-still, and as ostentatiously calm as the invalid was demonstrative in his sufferings. "A doctor! Why, he'd make the man ill." She folded her arms and contemplated the victim. "Hot coppers," said she. "He only wants a hair of the dog that bit him." This with a composure that befitted the occasion; but it was not so received. "How dare you!" cried Sarah.

"Yes, Deb, for mercy's sake," moaned the sufferer—"for mercy's sake, a drop of brandy!"

Deborah would have gone for it directly if she had been mistress, but, as it was, she consulted her sister by the eye.

Sarah replied to that look with great decision. "Not if you are any sister of mine. Ay, that is the way of it—drink to be ill, and then drink to be well; and once you have begun, go on till you are ill again, and want a drop to start you again on the road to beggary and shame. Drink, drink, drink, in a merry-go-round that never halts." Then, firmly: "*You* drink *your* coffee without more words, and then go and work for your daughter like a man. Come!"

She held the cup out to him with a fine air of authority, though her heart was quaking all the time, and he, being just then in a subdued condition, took it resignedly, and sipped a little. Then a customer came in, but Sarah was not to be diverted from her purpose. She ordered Deborah to stand there and see him drain every drop. Deborah folded her bare arms and inspected the process loftily but keenly. He got through two-thirds of the contents, then showed her the balance with such a piteous look that she had compassion, stretched out her long arm for the cup, sent the contents down her throat with one gesture, and returned the cup with another gesture, half regal, half vulgar, all in two seconds, and James with admirable rapidity set the cup down empty under Sarah's eye, and so they abused her confidence.

"Well done," said she; "strong coffee is an antidote, they say, and work is another. Off you go to the Rectory, and work till one. Deborah will have a nice hot dinner ready for you by then." She found him his basket and his brushes, all cleaned by herself, though he had left them foul.

At this last trait a gleam of gratitude shot into his skull. He said: "Well, you are the right sort. It is some pleasure to work for you."

"And our child," said she. "Think of us both when you think of one. Oh, Jemmy dear! if you should ever be tempted again, do but ask yourself whether them that tempt you to your ruin love you as well as we do."

"Say no more, Sally; I'll turn a new leaf. Here, give me a kiss over the counter." So they had a long conjugal embrace over the counter.

Deborah looked on, and said, in her way, "Makes my mouth water, being a widder."

"There," said James Mansell, turning to go. "I'll never touch a drop again until I have chucked that thirty pounds into your lap, my girl." With this resolve, he left the shop.

Sarah must come round the corner, and watch him down the street; then she turned at the door, and beamed all over, and her eyes sparkled. "God bless him!" she cried. "There isn't a better workman, nor a better husband, nor a better man, in Britain, only keep him from drink. Now is there?"

"La, Sarah, how can I tell? I never saw him sober six days running; but I have heard you say he used to be a good husband. And why not again, if he do but keep his word?"

"And he will; he is not the man to break his word, far less his oath. He turns over a new leaf to-day, and I'm a happy woman once more."

"And I'll have his dinner ready to the moment."

Deborah dived into the kitchen, and was heard the next moment working and whistling tunes of a cheerful character. No blacksmith or ploughboy could beat this rustic dame at that.

Mrs. Mansell was soon occupied at the counter. A cook came in, and bought three pounds of bacon at 8*d.* the pound for her mistress, and ditto of best Limerick at 11*d.* for the kitchen; these prices to be reversed in her housekeeping book. She also paid the week's bill, and demanded her perquisite. Sarah submitted, and gave her half a crown, or her mistress would have shopped elsewhere under her influence. Then came a maid-of-all-work for a packet of blacklead, seven pounds of soda, two of sugar, a bar of soap, and some "connubial" blacking. Sarah said she was out of that. The slavey replied, with the usual attention to grammar: "Oh yes, you do. Mrs. White's servant buys it here."

"Oh, that's Nubian blacking."

"Well, and that's what I want; saves a vast o' trouble."

Others came, child customers, some only just up to the counter, and many of them mute. These showed their coppers, and Sarah had to divine the rest. But she had a rare eye for them; she looked keenly at each mite, and knew what they wanted by their faces and their coin. She gave one a screw of tobacco for father, another a candle with paper wrapped round the middle, another an ounce of candy. But as it drew near one there was a lull in trade, and savory smells came up from the kitchen. The good wife must have a finger in her husband's dinner. She locked the shop door and ran down to the kitchen fire, and when it had struck one, and everything was done to a turn, she ran up again and unlocked the door and laid a clean cloth in the little parlor, and had Lucy there very neat, that no attraction might be wanting to her converted husband and workman on his return to his well-earned meal.

By-and-by Deborah looked in with cheeks as red as her hair to say the steak would spoil if not eaten.

"But you mustn't *let* it spoil," objected Sarah, loftily. "He won't be long now." Then, with delight, "Here he is," for a man's figure darkened the door. "No; it's only Joseph Pinder."

Joseph Pinder it was, and for once looked morose. He had a tin can with a narrowish neck in his hand, and put it down on the counter with some noise, as much as to say, "This time I am a customer and nothing more." Mrs. Mansell received him as such, went behind the counter directly, and leaned a little over, awaiting his orders.

"Half a gallon of turps," said he, almost rudely. Mrs. Mansell went meekly and filled his can from a little tank with a tap.

But Deborah, who never read books, always read faces. She scanned Pinder, and said: "You seem put out. Is there anything the matter?"

"Plenty," said he: "more than I like to tell. But she must know it sooner or later. Serves me right, anyway, for recommending a—"

He stopped in time, and turned away from Sarah to Deborah, and said, bitterly: "He never came to work at all. He fell in with a tempter in this very street, and got enticed away directly."

Sarah raised her hands in dismay, and uttered not a word, but an inarticulate cry of distress, so eloquent of amazement and dismay that Pinder's anger gave way to pity, and he began all of a sudden to make excuses for the offender, and lay the blame on Dick Varney, a dangerous villain with a cajoling tongue, a pickpocket's fingers, and a heart of stone. He turned to Sarah now, and enlarged on this villain's vices. Said he had been in prison twice, and it was he who was ruining James Mansell.

But Sarah interrupted all this. "Never mind him. Where is my poor husband?"

"At the Chequers, my mate says."

"Give me my shawl and bonnet, Deborah."

"What to do?" inquired Pinder, uneasily.

"To fetch him away," was the dogged reply.

Then at last the long-hidden truth came out. "Oh, it will not be the first time I have gone to a public-house, and stood their jeers and his drunken anger for an hour or two, and brought him home at last. He has sworn at me before them all, but he never struck me. Perhaps that is to come. I think it will come to-day, for he was more violent last night than ever I knew him to be. I don't care: I'll have him home if I die for it."

"Not from the Chequers, you won't. You don't know the place; there are bad women there as well as bad men. Why, it's a boozing ken for thieves and their jades. Take a man away from them! They would soil your ears and make your flesh creep, and perhaps mark your face forever. You stay beside your sister. I must go on with it now. I'll strike work at dinner-time for once in my life, and I'll bring your man home."

This melted both the sisters, Sarah most, who had been so cold to her old lover. "Oh, thank you, bless you, Joseph," she sobbed.

"Don't cry, Sally," said the honest fellow, in a broken voice; "pray don't cry: I can't bear to see you cry," and he almost burst out of the place for fear he should break down himself, or

say something kinder than he ought. His boy was waiting outside; he sent him in for the turps, and ordered him to tell the foreman to dock his afternoon time, he was gone to look after the grainer.

He went down to the Chequers, and got there just in time to find Mansell quarrelling with three blackguards in the skittle-ground. Indeed, before he could interfere, one of them gave the drunken man a severe blow on the nose, that made him bleed like a pig. The next moment the aggressor lay flat on his back, felled by Joe Pinder. The other two sparred up, but went down like nine-pins before that long muscular arm, shot out straight from the shoulder. Then he seized Mansell, and said, "The villains have hurt you; come and be cured." And so, not giving him time to think, he half coaxed, half pushed him out of the place, and got him on the road home.

Meantime Sarah sat sorrowful, and said her happy day was soon ended, and she wished her life was ended too. Deborah sat beside her, and tried to comfort her.

"One good thing," said she, "you have got a friend now, when most wanted, and a 'friend in need is a friend indeed.' And to think you had the offer of Joseph Pinder, and could go and take James Mansell!"

Sarah drew up. "And would again," said she, "with all his faults. I would not give him for Joe Pinder, nor any other man."

"Well, that's a good job, as you are tied to him," remarked Deborah.

"Do you think Joseph will bring him home?"

"If any man can. I think ever so much of that chap."

"Then don't let the dinner spoil, at all events."

Deborah didn't trust herself to speak. She got up resignedly to attend to the possible wants of this deserving husband. Sarah divined that it cost her a struggle, and tried to gild the pill.

"You are a good sister to me," said she.

"That I am," said Deborah, frankly. "But so are you to me; and I was always as fond of you as a cow is of her calf."

"And I haven't forgot the print," said Mrs. Mansell; "but you see how I have been put about. I mustn't go to my safe even for you, but there's half a sovereign in the till, and you shall have it before some fresh trouble comes to make me forget."

Deborah's eyes sparkled, but she said it wasn't a fit time, there were too many sucking at her.

"And that is true; but they can't drain me. Don't tell a soul: I make a deal of money in this little shop. I wouldn't give my Saturdays for £5 apiece." Then, almost in a whisper, "I've got sixty pounds put by in that safe there, and the safe fastened to the wall. I mustn't touch that money, 'tis for my darling Lucy. But there's an odd half-sovereign in the till, and it is for you. There are some beauties at Coverley's, over the way." Dress, having once been mentioned, was, of course, the dominant substantive. Whilst she was speaking, she took out her keys and opened the till. There was much less silver in it than she expected to find. She put both hands in, and turned it all over in a moment. There was no half-sovereign. "Come here! come here!" she screamed; "the till has been robbed."

"La, Sarah," cried Deborah, "never!"

"But I say it has; there's not a shilling here but what I have taken to-day."

"When did you look last?"

"Yester e'en at six, and counted half a sovereign and eighteen shillings in silver. What will become of me now? There are thieves about. Heaven knows how the goods go, but this is some man's work."

"Then I wish I had him," said Deborah, and she thrust out her great arms and long, sinewy fingers. The words were scarcely out of her lips, and the formidable fingers still extended, knuckles downward, when James Mansell, his shirt and trousers covered with blood, was thrust in at the door by Joseph Pinder: his own white dress had suffered by the contact.

Both women screamed at sight of him, and Sarah cried, "Oh! they have murdered him."

Pinder said, hastily, "No, no, he's none the worse—only a bloody nose."

"Then he is cheap served," said Deborah.

"Ay, but let me tell you I came just in time; there were three of them on to him."

"Oh," cried Sarah, "the cowards!"

Mr. Mansell caught at the word "cowards." Cried he, "Let's go and fight 'em."

"Not if I know it," said Pinder, stopping his rush, and holding him like a vise.

"What, are you turned coward and all? Look here, he knocked 'em all three down like nine-pins."

"Then there let 'em lie," said this rational hero.

"I sha'n't," said the irrational one. "I'll go and just kick 'em up again, and then—"

But the next process was not revealed, because in illustrating the first Mr. Mansell sat down on the floor with a heavy bump, and had to be picked up by Pinder and lectured. "What you want just now is not more fighting, but a wash, and then a sleep."

Sarah proposed an amendment—"What he wants most, Mr. Pinder, is a heart and a conscience."

"Is that all?" said the impenitent.

Deborah giggled. But Mr. Mansell had better have kept his humor for a less serious situation. The much-enduring wife turned upon him the moment he spoke.

"After all you promised and swore to me this day. Good work and good money brought to your hand by one we had no claim on, either you or I, a good home to come to, a good dinner cooked with loving hands, and a good wife and daughter that counted the minutes till they could see you eating it. What are you made of? You are neither a husband, nor a father, nor a man."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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POOR FELLOW!

[See Illustration on Page 428.]

WHO would think for a moment while there he's reclining
In a hammock that's swung 'neath the grandest of trees,
With the bay in the distance, the sun on it shining,
Near by fields of clover belovèd of bees,
With the birds just above him their songs trilling sweetly,
Pauline on one side, on the other Louise,
That he was not happy—yes, happy completely?
But alas! *au contraire*, he is quite ill at ease—
Poor fellow!

And as the blue smoke of his pipe rises lightly,
And Lou reads aloud from the last novelette,
And Pauline fans him softly and smiles on him brightly,
He thinks, "Which is fairer, the blonde or brunette?
Lou's blue eyes are charming, Pauline's dark and flashing;
Lou's tresses are gold, and Pauline's are like jet;
Lou is quietly lovely, Pauline frank and dashing—
I'm sure 'twould be hard either one to forget."
Poor fellow!

And thus while a tableau the prettiest making—
The youth and the maidens, a group summer-blest—
The much-puzzled swain, half asleep and half waking,
Is wond'ring which dear one reigns first in his breast:
"Both like me, it's plain, and a tenderer feeling
Would soon by the chosen no doubt be confessed;
But unless something happens the secret revealing,
By Jove! I'll know never which girl I love best."
Poor fellow!

MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE FREIGHT-HANDLERS' STRIKE.

WE give on page 424 a picture of the parade of the striking freight handlers which took place last week. It was an orderly and creditable demonstration. The conduct of the strikers was from the first such as to win the sympathy of the public, and their demands for an increase of wages were so moderate and reasonable that it is surprising that they were not acceded to at once. By refusing to comply with them the railroad corporations caused a most serious and annoying obstruction to business, and produced an almost complete dead-lock in trade.

The case of the freight-handlers is a peculiarly hard one. They were receiving under the old rates only seventeen cents per hour, and as it was rare for them to have a full day's work, they were not able to earn a decent support for their families. The advance which they asked was only three cents per hour, and considering the increased cost of living in New York, this was certainly a very moderate demand.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "ORLEY FARM," "THE WARDEN," "IS HE POPENJOY?" "MARION FAY," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS ALTIFIORLA'S DEPARTURE.

THE fortnight was nearly gone, and Miss Altifiorla was to start early on the following morning. Cecilia had resolved that she would tell her story to her husband as soon as they were alone together, and make a clean breast. She would tell him everything, down, as far as she could, to the little feelings which had prevented her from speaking before, to Miss Altifiorla's abominable interference, and to Lady Grant's kind advice. She would do this as soon as Miss Altifiorla was out of the house. But she could not quite bring herself to determine on the words she would use. She was resolved, however, that in owning her fault she would endeavor to disarm his wrath by special tenderness. If he were tender—oh yes, then she would be tender in return. If he took it kindly, then she would worship him. All the agony she endured should be explained to him. Of her own folly she would speak very severely—if he treated it lightly. But she would do nothing to seem to deprecate his wrath. As to all this she was resolved. But she had not yet settled on the words with which she would commence her narrative.

The last day wore itself away very tediously. Miss Altifiorla was in her manner more objectionable than ever. Mr. Western had evidently disliked her, though he had hardly said so. During the days he had left the two women much together, and had remained in his study or had wandered forth alone. In this way he had increased his wife's feeling of anger against her visitor, and had made her look forward to her departure with increasing impatience. But an event happened which had at once disturbed all her plans. She was sitting in the drawing-room with Miss Altifiorla at about five in the evening, discussing in a most disagreeable manner the secrecy of her first engagement. That is to say, Miss Altifiorla was persisting in the discussion, whereas Mrs. Western was positively refusing to make it a subject of conversation. "I think you are demanding too much from me," said Miss Altifiorla. "I have given way, I am afraid wrongly, as to your husband. But I should not do my duty by you were I not to insist on giving you my advice with my last breath. Let me tell it. I shall know how to break the subject to him in a becoming manner." At this moment the door was opened, and the servant announced Sir Francis Geraldine.

The disturbance of the two women was complete. Had the dead ancestor of either of them been ushered in, they could not have received him with more trepidation. Miss Altifiorla rose with a look of awe, Mrs. Western with a feeling of anger that was almost dominated by fear. But neither of them for a moment spoke a word, nor gave any sign of making welcome the new guest.

"As I am living so close to you," said the baronet, putting on that smile which Mrs. Western remembered so well, "I thought that I was in honor bound to come and renew our acquaintance."

Mrs. Western was utterly unable to speak.

"I don't think that we knew that you were living in the neighborhood," said Miss Altifiorla.

"Oh yes, I have the prettiest, funniest, smallest little cottage in the world just about two miles off. The Criterion it is called."

"What a very odd name!" said Miss Altifiorla.

"Yes, it is rather odd. I won the race once, and bought the place with the money. The horse was called Scratch'em, and I couldn't call my house Scratch'em. I have built a second cottage, so that it is not so very small, and as it is only two miles off, I hope that you and Mr. Western will come and see it."

This was addressed exclusively to Cecilia, and made an answer of some kind absolutely necessary. "I fear that we are going to Scotland very shortly," she said, "and my husband is not much in the habit of visiting."

This was uncivil enough, but Sir Francis did not take it amiss. He sat there for twenty minutes, and even made allusion to their former intimacy at Exeter.

"I am quite well aware how happily all that has ended," he said; "at any rate, on your side of the question. You have done very well and very wisely. and I"—he laughed as he said this—"have succeeded in getting over it better than might have been expected. At any rate I hope that there will be no ill-will. I shall do myself the honor of asking you and Mr. Western to come and dine with me at the Criterion. It is the little place that Lord Tomahawk had last year." Then he departed without another word from Cecilia Western.

"Now he must be told," whispered Miss Altifiorla, the moment the door was closed. "My dear, if you will think of it all round, you will perceive that this can be done by no one so well as by myself. I will go to Mr. Western the moment he comes in, and get through it all in half an hour."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Western.

"Let me pray you. Let me implore you. Let me beseech you."

"You will do nothing of the kind. I will admit of no interference in the matter."

"Interference! You can not call it interference."

"I will not have you speak to my husband on the subject."

"But what will you do?"

"Whatever I do shall be done by myself alone."

"But you must tell him instantly. You can not allow this man to come and call, and yet say nothing about it. And he would not have called without some previous acquaintance. This you will have to describe, and if you say that you merely knew him at Exeter, there will be in that case an additional fib." The use of such words applied to herself by this woman was intolerable. But she could only answer them by an involuntary frown upon her brow. "And then," continued Miss Altifiorla, "of course he will refer to me. He will conclude that as you knew Sir Francis at Exeter, I must have known him. I can not tell a fib."

She could not tell a fib! And that was uttered in such a way as to declare that Mrs. Western had been fibbing. I can not tell a fib! "You will leave me, at any rate, to mind my own business," said Cecilia, in an indignant tone, as she left the room.

But Mr. Western was at the hall door, and the coming of Sir Francis had to be explained at once. That could not be left to be told when Miss Altifiorla should have gone—not even though she were going to-morrow. "Sir Francis Geraldine has been here," she said, almost before he had entered the room. She was immediately aware that she had been too sudden, and had given by her voice too great an importance to her idea of the visit.

But he was not surprised at that, and did not notice it. "Sir Francis Geraldine! A man whom I particularly do not wish to know! And what has brought him here?"

"He came to call. He is a Devonshire man, and he knew us at Exeter."

"He is the Dean's brother-in-law. I remember. And when he came, what did he say? Unless you and he were very intimate, I think he might as well have remained away. There are some stories here not altogether to his credit. I do not know much about his business, but he is not a delectable acquaintance."

"We were intimate," said Cecilia. "Maude Hippesley, his niece, was my dearest friend." The words were no sooner out of her mouth than she was aware that she had fibbed. Miss Altifiorla was justified. Why had she not stopped at the assurance of her intimacy with Sir Francis, and leave unexplained the nature of it? Every step which she took made further steps terribly difficult.

After dinner Mr. Western, as a matter of course, brought up the subject of Sir Francis Geraldine. "Did you know him, Miss Altifiorla?"

"Oh yes," said that lady, looking at Cecilia with peculiar eyes. Only that Mr. Western was a man, and not a woman, and among men the least suspicious till his suspicions were aroused, he would have discovered at once from Miss Altifiorla's manner that there was a secret.

"He seems to have lived in very good clerical society down in Exeter—a very different class from those with whom he has been intimate here."

"Of course he was staying at the Deanery," said Cecilia.

"And he, I know, is a very pearl of Church propriety. It is odd what different colors men show at different places. Down here, where he is well known, a great many of the racing men fight shy of him. But I beg your pardon if he be a particular friend of yours, Miss Altifiorla."

"Oh dear no, not of mine at all. I should never have known him to speak to but for Cecilia." Her words no doubt were true; but again she looked as though endeavoring to tell all she could without breaking her promise.

"He is one of our Devonshire baronets," said Cecilia, "and of course we like to stand by our own. At any rate he is going to ask us to dinner."

"We can not dine with him."

"That's as you please. I don't want to dine with him."

"I look upon it as very impertinent. He knows that I should not dine with him. There has never been any actual quarrel, but there has been no acquaintance."

"The acquaintance has been on my part," said Cecilia, who felt that at every word she uttered she made the case worse for herself hereafter.

"When a woman marries, she has to put up with her husband's friends," said Mr. Western, gravely.

"He is nothing on earth to me. I never wish to see him again as long as I live."

"It is unfortunate that he should have turned out to be so near a neighbor," said Miss Altifiorla. Then for a moment Sir Francis Geraldine was allowed to be forgotten.

"I did not like to say it before her," he said afterward in their own room—and now Cecilia was able to observe that his manner was altogether altered—"but to tell the truth that man behaved very badly to me myself. I know nothing about racing, but my cousin, poor Jack Western, did. When he died, there was some money due to him by Sir Francis, and I, as his executor, applied for it. Sir Francis answered that debts won by dead men were not payable. But Jack had been alive when he won this, and it should have been paid before. I know nothing about debts of honor, as they are called, but I found out that the money should have been paid."

"What was the end of it?" asked Cecilia.

"I said no more about it. The money would have come into my pocket, and I could afford to lose it. But Sir Francis must know what I think of the transaction, and knowing it, ought not to talk of asking me to dinner."

"But that was swindling."

"For the matter of that, it's all swindling as far as I can see. One strives to get the money out of another man's pocket by some juggling arrangement. For myself, I can not understand how a gentleman can condescend to wish to gain another man's money. But I leave that all alone. It is so; and when I meet a man who is on the turf, as they call it, I keep my own feelings to myself. He has his own laws of conduct, and I have mine. But here is a man who does not obey his own laws, and puts money in his pocket by breaking them. He can do as he pleases. It is nothing to me. But he ought not to come and call upon my wife." In this way he talked himself into a passion; but the passion was now against Sir Francis Geraldine, and not against his wife.

On the next morning Miss Altifiorla was dispatched by an early train, so that she might be able to get down to Exeter, *viâ* London, early in the day. It behooved her to go to London on the route. She had things to buy, and people to see, and to London she went. "Good-by, my dear," she said, seeming to include the husband as well as the wife in the address. "I have spent a most pleasant fortnight, and have been most delighted to become acquainted with your husband. You are Cecilia Holt no longer. But it would have been sad indeed not to know him who has made you Cecilia Western." Then she put out her hand, and getting hold of that of the gentleman squeezed it with the warmest affection. But her farewell address made to Mrs. Western in her own room was quite different in its tone. "Now I am going, Cecilia," she said, "and am leaving you in the midst of terrible danger."

"I hope not," said Cecilia.

"But I am. They would have been over now and passed if you would have allowed me to obey my reason, and to tell him the whole story of your former love."

"Why you?"

"Because I am your most intimate friend. And I think I should have told it in such a manner as to disarm his wrath."

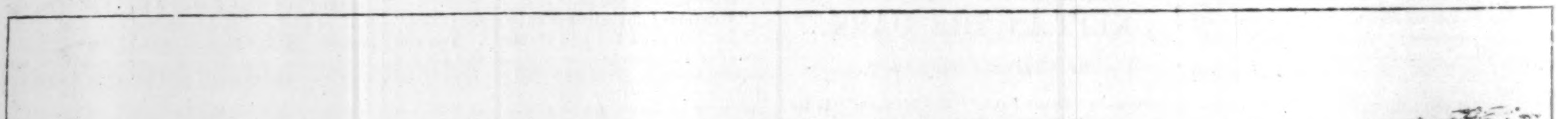
"It is out of the question. I will tell him."

"Do so. Do so. But I doubt your courage. Do so this very morning. And remember that at any rate Francesca Altifiorla has been true to her promise."

That such a promise should have been needed and should have been boasted of with such violent vulgarity was almost more than Mrs. Western could stand. She came down-stairs, and then underwent the additional purgatory of listening to the silver-tongued farewell. That she, she with her high ideas of a woman's duty and a woman's dignity, should have put herself into such a condition was a marvel to herself. Had some one a year since told her that she should become thus afraid of a fellow-creature and of one that she loved best in all the world, she would have repelled him who had told her with disdain. But so it was. How was she to tell her husband that she had been engaged to one whom he had described to her as a gambler and a swindler?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POOR FELLOW!—A MIDSUMMER IDYL.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Poem on Page 427.]

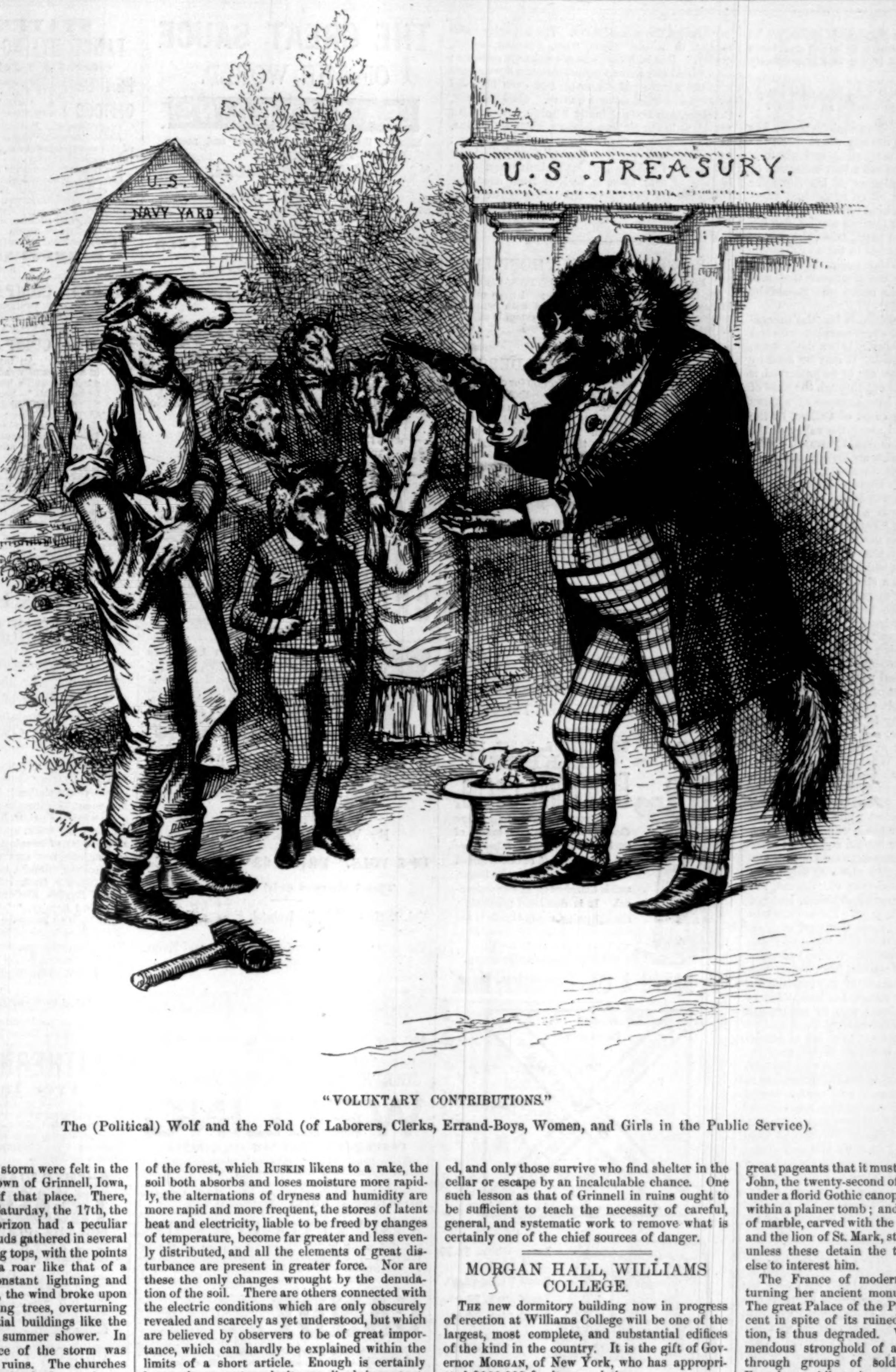


MORGAN HALL, WILLIAMS COLLEGE, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.—From a Design by J. C. Cady & Co., Architects.—[See Page 429.]

A WESTERN TORNADO.

Central Iowa is not a region from which would be naturally expected the news of such a tornado as swept over it on the 17th of June, and the accounts of which read as if they might have been sent from the islands of the Pacific or the banks of the Ganges. Until a comparatively recent date, our associations with such disasters were grouped about the tales of tropical travellers. It was tacitly accepted that only in regions where the heat was torrid, and the atmosphere subject to violent and sudden changes, could we look for these tremendous commotions of the "ambient air," and with the "cyclone" and the "whirlwind," we connected the ruins of the jungle, the fall of the gigantic forest trees, or the destruction of swarming Asiatic beings, whose multitude and remoteness combined to make the loss of life less real.

But of late years events of this character have been sadly frequent in our own land, and in a portion of it where well-tilled fields, a laborious population, and a bracing climate have been habitually connected in our minds with the peaceful and regular succession of the seasons with which we are familiar on the Atlantic sea-coast. The storms of the 17th and the week following extended through Central Iowa and Southwestern Minnesota, and though each one of comparatively limited extent, show a range of atmospheric disturbances of a very formidable character. Our readers are already familiar with the general features of these storms and their consequences. The latter were certainly appalling. Something like fourscore lives were actually destroyed, five hundred persons were wounded, of whom nearly one hundred are likely to die from their wounds, and fifteen hundred persons were rendered homeless within an hour.



"VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS."

The (Political) Wolf and the Fold (of Laborers, Clerks, Errand-Boys, Women, and Girls in the Public Service).

The worst effects of the storm were felt in the prosperous and thriving town of Grinnell, Iowa, and within twenty miles of that place. There, late in the afternoon of Saturday, the 17th, the sky above the western horizon had a peculiar dull fire-red color; then clouds gathered in several conical masses, like whirling tops, with the points down; these joined with a roar like that of a passing train, and with constant lightning and the fall of water in sheets, the wind broke upon the devoted town, uprooting trees, overturning houses, scattering substantial buildings like the straws of a dust heap in a summer shower. In about an hour the violence of the storm was spent, but the town was in ruins. The churches were either unroofed or completely thrown down; the Iowa College buildings were a shapeless mass; the railroads, branching in four directions, were strewn with scattered cars; and the streets were blocked with the débris of buildings and the trunks and branches of trees. The loss in money value is reported at two millions of dollars. The loss of life we have already alluded to.

Remarkable as this occurrence is, it is to be noted that it is one of a class which has been much more frequent within the past five years than before, it being the third of considerable extent reported in that time. Meteorologists are divided as to the probable cause of this increasing frequency in the appearance of these storms, and some of the most careful and best informed among them frankly admit that the data for a sound conclusion are not yet sufficient. The most generally accepted theory, and that for which there is the most reasonable support, is that the steady destruction of the trees as the pioneer line has been pushed westward has so changed the conditions as to the rain-fall as to give rise to these violent storms. That this operation, which has been going on for so many years and on so extensive a scale, has worked many changes there is no doubt, but it is premature to infer that it is the sole or even the principal cause of the increased frequency and violence of the storms. As the ground is laid bare of the forest, which Ruskin likens to a rake, the soil both absorbs and loses moisture more rapidly, the alternations of dryness and humidity are more rapid and more frequent, the stores of latent heat and electricity, liable to be freed by changes of temperature, become far greater and less evenly distributed, and all the elements of great disturbance are present in greater force. Nor are these the only changes wrought by the denudation of the soil. There are others connected with the electric conditions which are only obscurely revealed and scarcely as yet understood, but which are believed by observers to be of great importance, which can hardly be explained within the limits of a short article. Enough is certainly known, however, to make it exceedingly important, in every way, that the efforts for the systematic planting of rapidly growing forest trees should be encouraged in every possible way—except in that most mistaken way, the direct interposition of the government.

Those who followed the proceedings of the recent Forestry Convention in Cincinnati found ample reasons for believing that the country is exposed to very serious difficulties from the reckless destruction of timber throughout the West; and of these the most to be feared are those connected with the radical modification of the climate, and the liability to storms of the kind which has just swept over Iowa. And it is to be remembered that these are agencies of disaster against which there is absolutely no immediate protection. They can not be fought like fire, or quarantined like the fever. They come unheralded, do their terrible work in a few fleeting moments, and pass as mysteriously as the Hindoo god, to "turn and come again," no one knows where or when. They elude the vigilance of the Signal Service watchers, and "weather prophets" are blind to their approach. The seaman who sees in his barometer the warning of a cyclone can veer his course to escape the fatal "centre," and can even contrive to get his ship sped on its course along the rim of the circling tempest. But the town or home that lies in the path of the Western whirlwind is doomed, and only those survive who find shelter in the cellar or escape by an incalculable chance. One such lesson as that of Grinnell in ruins ought to be sufficient to teach the necessity of careful, general, and systematic work to remove what is certainly one of the chief sources of danger.

MORGAN HALL, WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

The new dormitory building now in progress of erection at Williams College will be one of the largest, most complete, and substantial edifices of the kind in the country. It is the gift of Governor Morgan, of New York, who has appropriated $100,000 for its completion.

The building will have four finished stories above the basement, and will cover a ground area of about 50 by 160 feet. It will contain 121 rooms, accommodating seventy-five students, and a janitor with his family. The rooms are to be heated by steam, and provided with modern comforts and conveniences. Each student is to have a separate bedroom, two bedrooms being connected with a spacious study-room. The rooms are all well lighted and ventilated, being arranged so that each suite shall get an abundance of sun and air. Fire walls, running from basement to roof, divide the building into a number of sections, so that if a fire should occur, it would be confined to a limited area.

In designing the structure, the architects, J. C. Cady & Co., of this city, have been influenced by the very charming site. The village street, with its gently undulating lines, its double row of elms on each side, its closely cut grass-plots, and absence of yard fences, presents a pretty rural scene such as is often met with in the old country. The new dormitory is therefore designed in an Old English style, which partakes somewhat of Dutch character, with picturesque gables and broad windows. The stone is from the Williamstown gray limestone quarries, with dressings of Indiana limestone. The Hall is to be completed about the 1st of January next.

THE CITY OF THE POPES.

Ruined, battered, dilapidated Avignon! It is a city that might supply a moralist with food for the saddest speculation. Reared in the utmost splendor and magnificence by unscrupulous power under the cloak of religion, half demolished by the fury of two revolutions, and now mouldering into decay, it presents a melancholy spectacle. As the traveller makes his way along its ill-paved streets, and under its crumbling walls, whole centuries of legends and traditions are recalled, and picture after picture rises up wherein the figures are Popes and Emperors, scholars and poets, including some of the most illustrious names the world has ever known.

Within the great walls, surmounted by cornices, battlemented, and flanked by watch-towers, which were built by Pope Clement VI., Avignon contains some of the most substantial and curious buildings that the architects of the fourteenth century knew how to erect. Won by trickery from the infamous Joanna of Naples—a woman so vile that after her death no one could be induced to inhabit her residence—the town was supplied with defenses, and its edifices planted upon rocks, as if the holders were determined that no human power should dislodge them. As we mounted the steps of the cathedral, and passed under the curious Roman porch, it seemed to us that the building itself was not less firm and unyielding than its strong foundation. How well the seven Popes that reigned here must have known the strength of their situation, and what excellent care they took to guard themselves against the indignation of the people they victimized by masonry that all the catapults of the time could not destroy! In the church there is now little to interest the visitor unless his imagination can supply some idea of the great pageants that it must have witnessed. Pope John, the twenty-second of his name, lies in effigy under a florid Gothic canopy; Benedict II. reposes within a plainer tomb; and the great papal throne of marble, carved with the winged bull of St. Luke and the lion of St. Mark, stands in the choir. But unless these detain the traveller, there is little else to interest him.

The France of modern times has a way of turning her ancient monuments into barracks. The great Palace of the Popes, vast and magnificent in spite of its ruined and mutilated condition, is thus degraded. We passed to this tremendous stronghold of an almost effete power through groups of soldiers representing the French republic. Arms were stacked, uniforms paraded, and mess tables spread in chambers where Popes and cardinals had deliberated, and the Inquisition held its gloomy conclaves. In place of some grim, mysterious hooded brother, conducting the visitor through dimly lighted halls and archways, there is now a garrulous old woman, who rattles keys and opens doors through which offenders passed to the tribunal of the Inquisition, and thence to the dungeon. We stood in the room where the papal court, since become a by-word for its luxury and profligacy, held receptions, where crowned and titled visitors alone were welcome guests. With her as an escort, we entered the prison of Rienzi, the "redeemer of bright centuries of shame." Nothing can be more incongruous than the memories and the scene. Little is left in the bare and gloomy apartment, lit by a scanty ray of light through a grated window, to suggest the formidable Tribune of Rome, he who owed his life to the intercession of the poet who lives now chiefly through the songs and sonnets dedicated to his noble mistress.

Avignon was the home of Petrarch's Laura. The inspired youth, in his twenty-second year, visited the city, and there beheld Laura de Noves at the church of the nunnery of St. Claire. The lady of his adoration was eighteen years of age. As we read his history, he never received the slightest token of regard from her either before

or after her marriage to Hughes de Sades, yet he continued to sing her praises in prose and verse all his life. Was it not Byron who irreverently said,

"Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife, He would have written sonnets all his life"?

Be this as it may, Petrarch's exquisite poetry has thrown a halo all about the city where dwelt the lady of his love. His admiration and pleading for the life of Rienzi are not a less indication of the nobleness and gentleness of his character than the long fostering of an unrequited affection. Though held in a kind of honorable custody, allowed to pursue his favorite studies, and fed with remnants from the papal table, the life of the great Roman was forfeit to the awful power that rarely hesitated to slay aught that came in its way, until, moved by the eloquence that still sways the world, Rienzi's cause was gained by Petrarch's glowing words.

From Avignon to Vaucluse is but the natural bent of the footsteps of every traveller who has ever read this thrilling story. It is a day's work, but one that is well repaid. It may be done by rail; but if the harmonies are to be preserved, it is better to take the road out through the gate of St. Lazare, through the long avenues of willows and poplars, across the canal of Crillon, by the little town of L'Isle, and along the valley of the Sorgnes. It was of Vaucluse that Petrarch wrote: "Here I please myself with my little gardens and my narrow dwelling. I want nothing, and look for no favors from fortune." Here, within the Church of the Cordeliers, Laura was buried. On a ledge half-way up the valley is a moss-covered ruin which bears the name of "Petrarch's Castle," but which there seems to be good evidence to prove was never inhabited by him or by the lady in question. Laura's tomb, which Arthur Young describes as "nothing but a stone in the pavement with a figure engraved upon it," has long since disappeared, having been broken open and destroyed by revolutionary bands. Those who take the "sentimental journey" must content themselves with the knowledge that they are on hallowed ground, for the landmarks which the poet and others have described passed away long ago.

Avignon was the home of the three generations of great painters, Joseph, Carl, and Horace Vernet. We made our way to the museum, where a number of their works are preserved, and fell into the snares of that most awful of all Continental pests, a guide. When it is a question of falling over a precipice or into a burning volcano, these creatures of strong muscles and scant brains are invaluable. In a picture-gallery or a museum they are one of the keenest trials of human patience. Majestically our guide walked before us, pointed out statue after statue, and tablet after tablet, and, like a mill-stream, ground out his awful tale. Once we startled him into originality by inquiring why a ponderous old Roman, ten feet high, armed with sword and shield, had not been able to preserve his head. The answer was that, having been buried some thousand or more years, he had handed it over as a token of gratitude to those who dug him up. Within two years there have been statues rescued from underneath the soil of Avignon. Back of the museum we found a monument to Laura, but shuddered at the taste of the individual who in 1823 could erect a stone to this immortal lady.

All through Avignon there is an air of desolation and decay. The business of life goes on, but the inhabitants seem oppressed with the ponderous relics of antiquity about them, and live in the shadow of battlements and towers, ruined palace and crumbling domes, like creatures of another race overawed by the evidences of power in those that preceded them. We turned from the city's gates, feeling as if we had been living for a time in an atmosphere and amid scenes of past centuries. What were the men like, we asked, that built these walls and conceived such dungeons? Whence would come the architect who could restore Avignon to the glory of the past?

WHERE CATS CAME FROM.

M. Lenormant is convinced that not Egypt, but Africa further south, is the cradle of the cat as a domesticated animal. The Egyptian wild-fowl hunter in the monuments takes his cat with him in his boat, and the cat acts as a retriever. Cats, as a rule, dislike cold water; but they are fond of fish, and there used to be a cat in a mill on the Yarrow which would dive after trout, and seize them even in deep pools.

The late introduction of domesticated cats among Semitic peoples seems to be proved by the absence of cats in the Bible. We do not remember a single mention of cats in Holy Writ. The Assyrians and the Babylonians are said to have been equally ignorant of this charming animal. There appear to be no Greek or Roman pictures or other representations of the *mau*, or "mew-cat," of the Egyptians. Perhaps one exception should be made; for M. Longpérier has encountered a cat on a Tarentine coin, struck shortly before the wars of Pyrrhus. Another archæologist mentions a Roman tombstone, that of Calpurnia Felicula (pussy), on which a cat was engraved; but the monument is lost, and its date was post-Christian. Orelli thinks that felicula (little cat, or kitten) is a late name for women. The Byzantine writers, in the latest days of Greece, are thought to have been the first who gave the name γαλῆ to the modern cat. The Greek γαλῆ was a polecat, or foumart, though there was an old fable of a cat changed into a woman, which seems more naturally interpreted of the modern cat. The names of the cat in European languages are interesting. M. Pictet, the author of *Les Origines Indo-Européennes*, thinks that none of our names for puss belong to the old Aryan tongue. The Romans—who, rather late in the day, were the Whittingtons of antiquity, and introducers of the cat—called the animal *catus*. The adjective *catus* means, in a bad sense, "sly, cunning, artful, crafty." But M. Pictet was not so easily satisfied; he derived the Roman *catus* from the Syriac *qatô* and the Arabic *qitt* (kitten). Nor even here did he stop in his impetuous course. *Qatô* and *qitt*, it seems, are not originally Semitic, but African words, as in the Nubian *kadiska*. The Egyptians, as we have seen, gave the cat a childish name; as infants call the cow "moo," they called the cat *mau*, an imitation of its plaintive cry. The history of cats, then, is derived from countries bordering on the Upper Nile, whence the beast came to Egypt, and passed to Syria, Rome, and Western Europe.

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